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I CAME BACK AND I AM CONTENT

A Guest Editorial by Arthur Lower

WHEN I was a lad I remember a cousin of mine coming out from England, loitering a while with us and then drifting off to Detroit. There his family still lives. His case was typical: in by the front door, out by the back.

For natives the door to the south opens even more readily than for immigrants. We all have relatives in the States. Apart from this moment, at which the movement is probably at an all-time low, thousands of the most energetic among us, the most skilled, the ablest, have gone southward, seldom to return.

They go for the rewards: most people would say for the dollar-and-cents rewards, because wages and profits are bigger there than here. That seems only half the story to me. They go for rewards, it is true, but not necessarily for monetary rewards. They go where they can find congenial work, where they find scope for their abilities, where their work is appreciated, where there is a vigorous current of life. They go because there is often little room and little demand for them in Canada. More often than not they go reluctantly.

Some come back and many others would come back if they could. Few ever get the chance.

I am one of those who came back. I lived four years in the United States. In so far as my day-to-day work went I was entirely at home there. I met with much kindness, witnessed much largeness of spirit and made many good American friends. Doors had begun to open and I suppose I could have gone up the scale in American life as many another Canadian has done.

In my case a career in the United States would have offered a good life. I would not have become rich, but I would have had enough. I would have had my books, my friends, good libraries, and the possibility, if I had measured up, of wide recognition. No door would have been closed to me because of my Canadian birth. And yet I came back. I often wonder why.

I came back to a position which was inconspicuous and ill-paid, its working conditions at times intolerable. And I came back with no illusions. I was quite aware that I was coming back to a country on the edge of civilization. I did not hide from myself that Canada was a backwoods country at that time, not in the sense that unsubdued nature was everywhere close, but

that almost everywhere, even in our great cities, a kind of backwoods mentality still held strong.

I came back to a country with virtually no original culture and with little taste, to a land where no piece of originality could get attention because there were no native standards to judge it by, where everything fresh and vital had to wait the approving nod of our "elders" in Great Britain and the United States before we dared have an opinion of it ourselves. There, incidentally, lies the real meaning of Charles G. D. Roberts' despairing line, "How long the trust in greatness not thine own?"

I knew that in the Canada of those days (we have moved a little bit since) the intellectual—and I suppose I am a member of that unfortunate species—had rather less prestige than in Ashanti. I knew that my fellow citizens, most of them, entertained a deep contempt for the more subtle shadings of civilization. I had been trained as a historian and I was coming back to teach in a college. As a historian I knew I would continually have to be explaining my function to people who thought "history" is something in an elementary textbook. As a teacher in a college I was doomed to the label "professor" and I knew that "the professor," to people with half the ability and knowledge of the world that most professors possess, is often a figure of fun and if not, something sinister and, either way, a man who must always be apologizing for existing.

I knew that for most of the people among whom I would be thrown, yes, for the very students in my classes, books would be strange objects to be avoided when possible, abstract ideas, causes of deep suspicion.

I knew, in short, that I was coming back to a callow society whose shortcomings would always hit me in the eye, where consequently I would usually be unpopular and where many doors would be closed to me—coming back to a society which, in my blacker moments, I would almost hate.

And yet I came back. I was one of the few who ever get a chance to come back. Perhaps that last sentence puts it all in a nutshell, for there are not many Canadian exiles who do not feel the lash in it.

I remember a conversation with a friend of mine, another Canadian, in my American days. I remember saying

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Manuscripts submitted to Maclean's must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publishers will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for the loss of any manuscript, drawing or photograph.

Printed and Published semi-monthly at Toronto by
MACLEAN-HUNTER

Publishing Company Limited
461 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada

Founded in 1857

by JOHN RAYNE MACLEAN

HORACE T. HUNTER, President

FLOYD S. CHAMBERS, Executive Vice-President

THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice-President and Comptroller

EUROPEAN OFFICE: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Sun Life of Canada Building, Trafalgar Square, LONDON, S.W.1. Telephone Whitehall 6612. Telegraph Atokuk, London.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: In Canada, \$2.00; all other parts of British Empire, \$2.50 per year; United States, Mexico, Central and South America and Spain, \$3.50; other countries \$4.50 per year.

Authorized at Second-Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa.
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"AUGUSTA... *in Winnipeg?*"

... DON'T LET THEM FOOL YOU SON—"

Grandpa just couldn't believe it. A telephone call from Winnipeg to Toronto was as remote to him as a trip to Mars is to his grandson today. How

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MADE IN CANADA

LONDON LETTER by Beverley Baxter



Nye Bevan, the miner turned MP, married Jennie Lee, MP, a miner's daughter, in 1934.

The Pit Boy Who Never Forgets

IT HAS been said that in his youth a man sees himself as Hamlet but when he achieves the middle-age spread he decides to be Napoleon. Whatever truth there is in that diagnosis of masculine vanity there can be no doubt that Napoleon has greatly influenced many. The late Lord Northcliffe, who altered the whole face of British journalism, not only had busts of Napoleon all over the place but ordered the single letter "N" to be engraved on his notepaper. Lord Beaverbrook also has a head of the Little Emperor in his library as well as a vast collection of literature dealing with Napoleon's life and era.

Therefore it is understandable that Aneurin Bevan, who regards himself as Labor's man of destiny, should fall to some extent under the baleful influence of the legend. Napoleon Bonaparte was born of comparatively humble parents in Corsica but Bevan can go one better on that score. He was born the son of a Welsh miner and entered the pits at thirteen.

Whatever hardship that beginning entailed, and it must have been very great, such an origin can be invaluable in political life. In fact in the present day one becomes a little weary of people bragging about their humble ancestry. Even Harold Macmillan, who was ADC to the Duke of Devonshire at Ottawa and married one of the duke's daughters, has taken to brandishing his grandfather who was (according to Harold) a Scottish agricultural laborer.

That is why I like to visit the U.S.A. at frequent intervals, just to meet people who are not only proud of their ancient ancestry but are determined to talk about it.

A second asset which Bevan inherited was his nationality. In Wales there is not the same diversity of dialects which oppress the English. Eloquence is the birthright of nearly

every Welshman and it is as natural for him to burst into song or oratory as it is for an Englishman to order a pint. There is no evidence that Bevan ever sang but he was a great talker at an age when most boys are content with mumbling.

Nor did our hero's assets end there. There was a Welshman named Lloyd George boasting about the cobbler who had brought him up and making the flesh of rich men creep with his threat of what he would do when he reached power. At a very early age Aneurin decided that he would emulate the Welsh Wizard, as Lloyd George was already being called. The Napoleonic period would follow later on.

The immediate problem was how to get out of the mines, and no one could blame him for that. Where was the key to open the door to the outer world, the world of daylight instead of the eternal dark, the world of opportunity and varied human experience, and, more than everything else, the world of fame?

He decided the only way up to the light was on the magic of words. He talked to the miners, harangued them, dramatized their wrongs, gave expression to their muteness. Probably they liked him or perhaps they wanted to get rid of him—it may have been both—but they took up a subscription and sent him to a college which had been established by the Labor Party.

There he learned there were actually local councils where if you got elected you would be a councilor and in time become an alderman and make speeches in all directions. Instead of just talking to his mates he would be on a platform with a crowd listening to him and cheering him. What a vista spread before him! If he talked well enough there might come a day when he would even be adopted as a

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BACKSTAGE IN YUGOSLAVIA

Bugs and Ballet in Belgrade

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

BELGRADE—Five of us went to the ballet the other night to see *The Legend of Ohrid* which the Yugoslav ballet company has been invited to bring to the Edinburgh Festival this fall.

It's a beautiful thing—one of the Canadian Legation girls has seen it five times and plans to go again. Most of it is Yugoslav folk dancing rather than ballet in the ordinary sense, and you feel that you're seeing the best of Yugoslavia. It glows with color and life and gaiety. There are also bitterness and cruelty (at the grand climax in the third act the hero bounds around a stage littered with dead Turks) but the dominant impression is one of tremendous vitality.

Driving through the country, they say, you still get this impression at first hand. People keep warning you "Remember, Belgrade is not Yugoslavia." But for reporters who have neither time, transport nor language to go out into the country and talk to the people, Belgrade tends to become Yugoslavia. That's where you get your physical impression, and a dreary impression it is.

The result is that every Canadian reporter who comes to town makes the going a little tougher for the next one. The Yugoslav Government is extremely thin-skinned—not being used to criticism from any but declared enemies. It would like to have a good Press in the Western democracies. As a rule it doesn't get one.

Bill Crean, the young chargé d'affaires at the Canadian Legation, is well connected among Yugoslav officials. He can, or he could until lately, get a Canadian reporter in to see most of the people a reporter

wants to see. Even Tito was reasonably accessible before his serious illness in April. But as one Canadian after another goes away from Belgrade and writes a nasty piece (which the Yugoslav Government hears about as soon as Canadian readers) Bill Crean has a harder and harder time convincing the Yugoslavs that they should grant another interview.

* * *

FOR one thing, you have to keep reminding yourself constantly that it's unfair to judge a country in terms of your own personal comfort. For me that was fairly easy, because I was lucky enough to get into the second-best hotel. It's pretty rugged but at least it's reasonably clean—nothing worse than cockroaches, though they are as big as field mice. Another Canadian who got to Belgrade a week or two ahead of me was less fortunate. He had to go to the third-best hotel, where he found himself sharing accommodation with several thousand bed-bugs. It must be very difficult to be detached in your reports under those circumstances.

The other and much bigger thing that affects a Canadian's judgment is, of course, the pathetic Canadian colony here. Every morning from nine to noon you find the entrance hall of the legation crowded with dozens of Canadians. They don't look like Canadians. Most of them have the pinched, hungry faces and uneasy eyes, they wear the patched and ragged clothes that you see everywhere in this stricken country. They look

Continued on page 60



Many of the "dual nationals" cooled off on Communism when they lived with it.

The man who said:

"My capital will last a lifetime!"



LET'S HOPE SO BILL but it's hard to say. No one knows how long is life. Many a man like yourself has retired or lost his earning power, only to find he's outlived his capital. Life expectancy is an intangible you alone can't plan for. But tens of thousands of men who have planned their futures with confidence in Canada Life know that their capital will last a lifetime.

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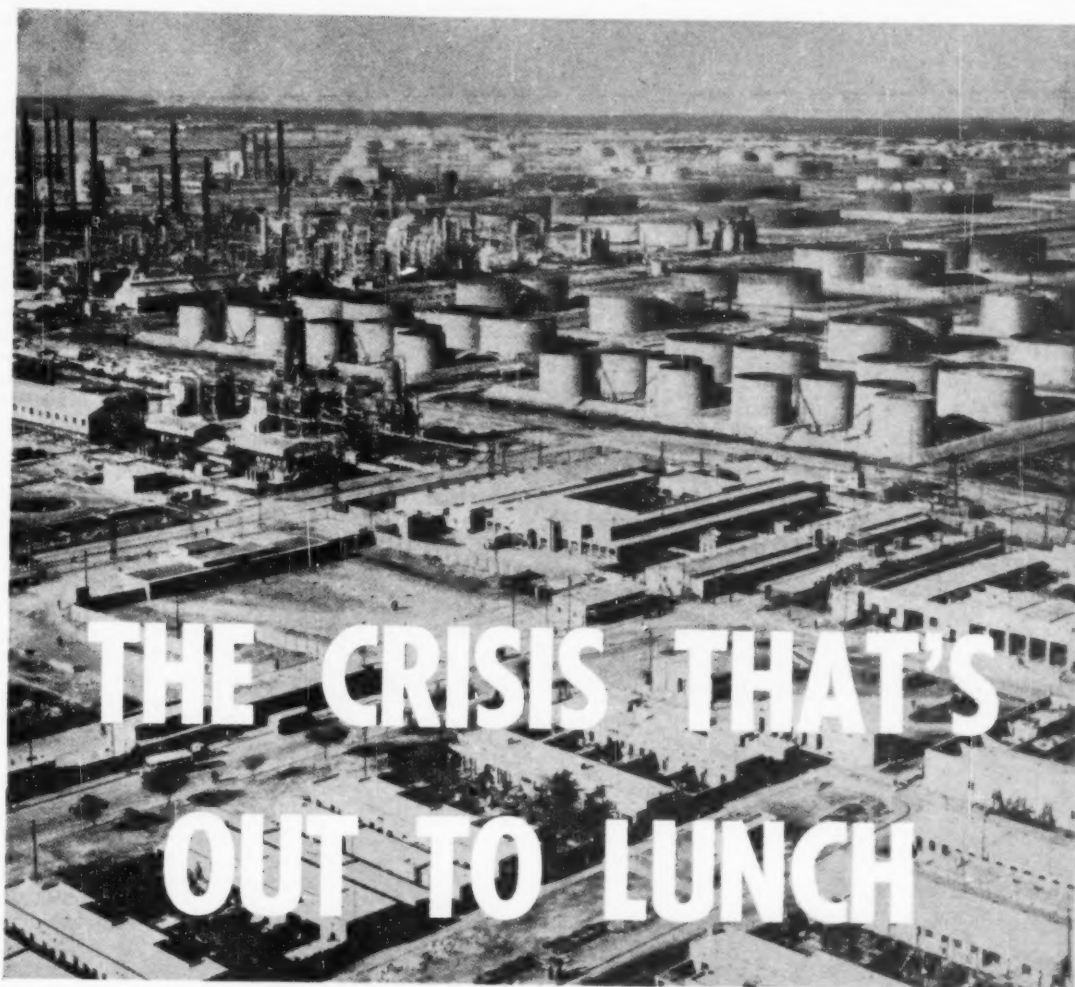
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Iran is one of the hottest danger spots in the cold war, but the squabble with Britain over oil is only a symptom. The real threat is that Iran's deep squalor and misery, graft and corruption, can be exploited by the Communists into a major political victory without firing a single shot

By **BLAIR FRASER**

MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

TEHERAN

AT CLOSE RANGE this is the queerest crisis you ever saw. It's genuine enough—for in the long run Iran is perhaps the gravest single problem confronting the Western world—but on the spot it's invisible. Teheran is just a dull and sleepy town where nothing seems to happen.

Each afternoon, after the daily siesta, foreign correspondents gather in the Ritz Hotel to hear Iranian colleagues translate the local papers. The other day, into this yawning circle came an urgent cable for one of the boys.

"Rush pix of tension in Teheran," it said. "Would like shots of soldiers guarding public buildings, mobs in streets, tanks, armored cars, etc."

When the laughter had died down the victim said, "It would serve them right if I did send a batch of pictures." We knew what he meant. A set of honest photographs from Iran would have made that week's headlines look rather silly.

Soldiers guarding public buildings? I'd seen a beautiful example that very morning. Eight of them, all wearing steel helmets, reclined in the shade of a wall in the courtyard

of Golestan Palace where the Prime Minister has his offices. They were watching a ninth soldier who, with rifle and fixed bayonet over his shoulder, was riding a bicycle around in tight figure-eights. None paid the slightest attention as I walked in unchallenged and proceeded to the office of the PM's secretary.

Mobs in the streets? That was even funnier. There'd be a mob in Parliament Square next week for another routine demonstration against the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company—that had already been announced. But on any ordinary day Teheran's offices and shops close at 2 p.m. Walk down the main street at 2.30, and you'd think it was Sunday in Toronto. You could describe the situation in Iran as "The Crisis That's Out to Lunch."

It was much more exciting to read about, in British or American papers, than it is to see:

"Iran to Expropriate Britain's Biggest Oil Reserve."

"Britain Moves Paratroop Brigade to Middle East."

All quite true, but the excitement dwindles when you get



The wealthy Shah heads Iran's Imperial Government but corrupt feudal landlords run the country.



At an Iranian military academy officer cadets receive training in mortar and anti-tank gun.

here, as I found when I arrived in the middle of the expropriation proceedings. True that Iran provides Britain's largest oil reserve; true that Iran has nationalized oil in defiance of contract. But these are only symptoms of a deeper crisis. As for the calculated leak of information about the paratroop brigade, that was pure bluff. Even the British admit it now. Britain never had any intention of using force, except to rescue its four thousand nationals from Iran in the event of violence. The paratroop story caused a lot of conversation here, but it didn't interrupt Teheran's siesta even for a day.

Of course the superficial quiet is misleading too, perhaps just as misleading as the headlines. There is a crisis in Iran all right—"more serious than any I've seen in this country," said a Western diplomat of many years' experience. It's not the kind of crisis that can be photographed, not readily expressed in news leads, not likely (in the opinion of older hands here) to flare up next week and set off World War III. But it's no less grave for that.

The deeper crisis is that Russia, by present indications, may rule Iran politically before very long, without spending either troops or money. In one of the richest countries in the world the Iranian people have lately become aware of the misery and squalor in which most of them live. That is bad news for our side and good news for the Communists—always quick to exploit misery wherever they find it.

One of the surprises for the newcomer is to find that there is less at stake, in military terms, than most of us think.

I had thought of Iranian oil, for example, as a great military objective, but that seems to be all wrong. It's a great asset to Britain in peacetime—forty percent of Europe's gasoline comes from the Abadan refinery on the Persian Gulf. Even in peacetime, though, it would be no use to Russia. There's no transport to take it north. Building a pipeline would take years, if indeed it could be done at all—the lowest passes through the mountains of northern Iran are ten thousand feet above sea level. The one rail line that links north and south could not carry a fraction of Iranian oil production.

In wartime it would be no use to either side—too vulnerable. No matter which side holds the Abadan refinery, the other could bomb it to bits in a matter of hours.

For the Russians there would be great military advantage in simply holding the territory. It would give them a warm-water port. It would put Red submarines into the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea, and threaten the water routes from east to west.

Slums Speak for Themselves

When or if Stalin decides that the time is ripe for World War III, therefore, he may well assign one force the job of capturing Iran. But seasoned observers on the spot see no reason to fear that Stalin will pick on Iran alone. They can't see Iran as the starting point, the spark that ignites the conflagration.

But from the Soviet point of view things are going so well in Iran that nothing more need be done at present. The living conditions of most Iranians have given the Communists plenty to work on politically.

I spent an afternoon last week touring the slums of Teheran under the guidance of two Iranian Communists. (Their party is illegal in Iran, but they don't pay much attention to that; the Communist is actually the easiest of all Iranian political parties with which to make contact.)

My guides didn't have to say much about what we saw—nobody even mentioned Marx or Lenin, nobody talked about international Communism. The slums here speak for themselves against the *status quo*.

They are mostly in and around the old quarries whence came the clay for the ugly yellow brick of which this ugly city is built. Several hundred families live in abandoned kilns. Thousands more are in cavelike

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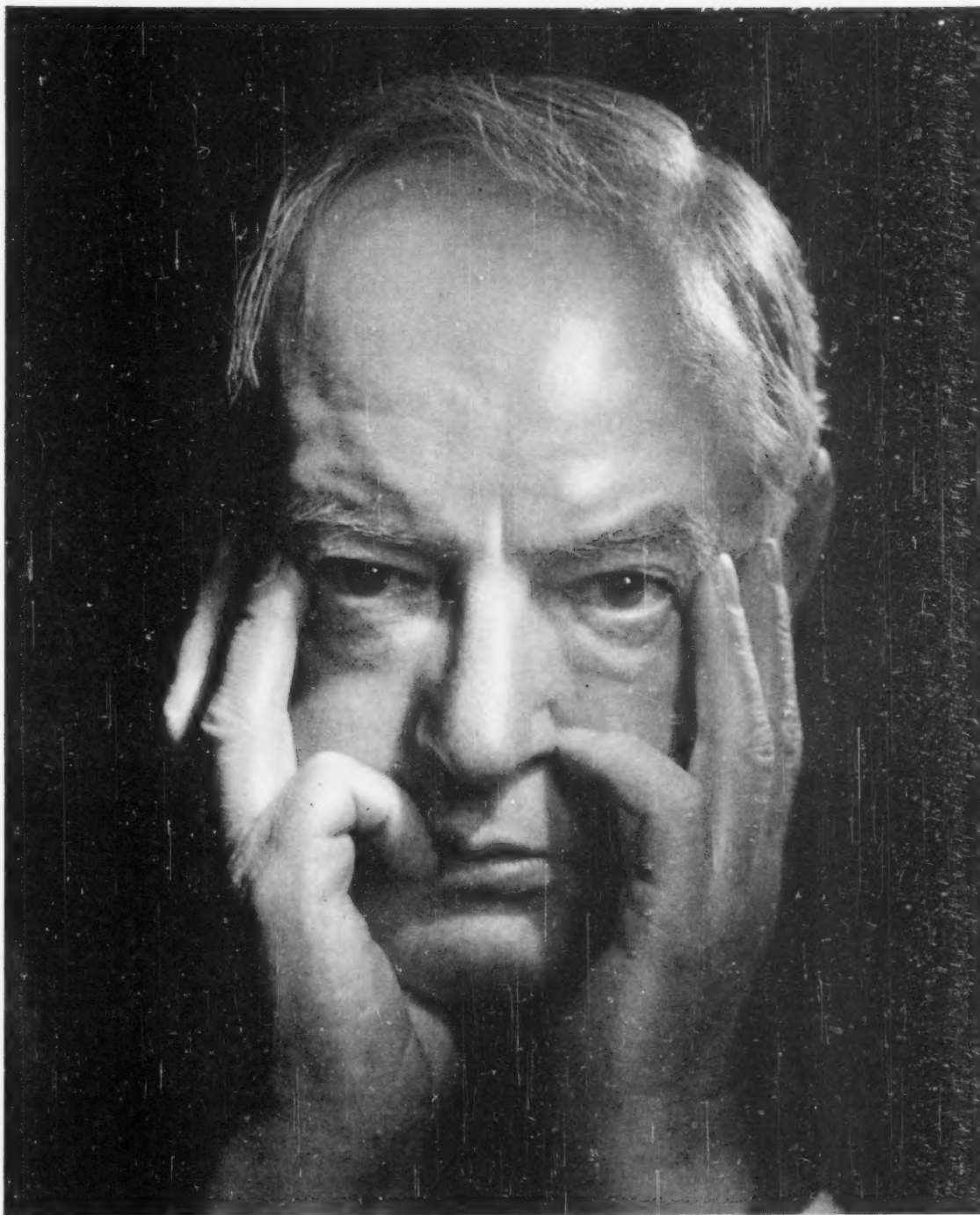
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Sydney Greenstreet, who plays those sinister movie roles, was in an affable talkative mood when Madame Karsh and I went to his Hollywood home to take his picture. "Relax," he said to us, when I mentioned that while I found the conversation enjoyable I did feel we should get along with the portraits we had come to take.

I had an idea for a shot of him standing, but he said no. As part of his policy of relaxing at all times he would sit in a chair. He selected a wicker chair in which my wife had been sitting. I told him I didn't think the chair would be big enough, for he is a huge man. "Nonsense," he protested, and sat back.

This picture was taken as he was leaning forward, his elbows on his knees, just after he had realized that we had been right and he was stuck in the chair. After the photograph was made we had to help pry him loose from the chair.

Karsh carefully at work on a camera portrait of Albert Einstein.



THE SECRET LOVES OF YOUSUF KARSH

Many of his great pictures are admired all over the world, but here Karsh has made a selection of his own favorites, many of which have never before been published. On this and the following four pages he tells for the first time the story behind these fine photos from his far-roving camera

By YOUSUF KARSH



I was high on a scaffold photographing some of the magnificent detail carving adorning the walls of this famous and beautiful Chartres Cathedral when I saw this woman and the two children come softly into the great church to pray.

I came down and asked her if she would permit me to take her photograph. She nodded approval while at the same time she carried on with her prayer.

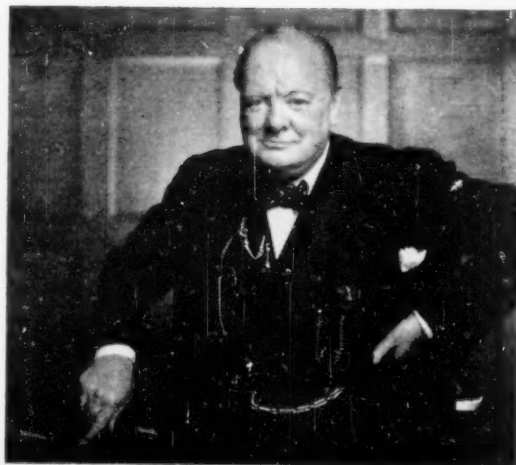
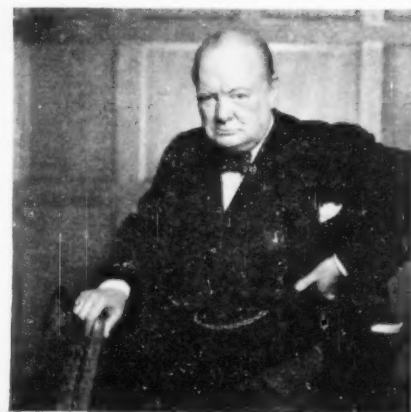
Afterward when I thanked her she looked around the building, drinking in its beauty, and said in a hushed voice: "*Monsieur*, it is I who thank you for I never hoped to be photographed inside the great cathedral."

The story of how I took my best-known picture of Winston Churchill has been told many times and you may have heard it. When I asked him to pose in the Canadian House of Commons he was tired after his famous speech in December 1941 ("Some chicken . . . some neck") and reluctant to be photographed. When I did persuade him to stop he was smoking his customary cigar which I removed from his mouth and placed on an ashtray. Then I took the picture at far right) which you may have seen before.

But the picture that is not so well known is the second one which I took after this incident. He was amused, apparently, by my audacity in refusing to record his cigar for posterity, and relaxed after the first picture was taken. His entourage laughed, a little nervously I thought, and the great man smiled and told me since I had been so successful in having my own way I might as well take another one.

"You can even make a roaring lion stand still to be photographed," he said smiling.

The larger picture you see at the right was taken as the wartime prime minister unbent and smiled into my camera.





The former mayor of Tokyo, Yukio Ozaki, was the man who presented the capital of the United States with the famous cherry trees which blossom each spring in Washington. After the war some friends paid his passage to the U.S. as a gesture to an old friend and by way of healing some of the wounds caused by the long bitter war.

He came with his daughter, who acted as

his ears in more ways than one. Not only did she interpret for him but she passed along all messages to the old man who was very deaf and seemed only able to hear when his daughter spoke softly into his better ear.

I made this informal photograph as she passed along a message from me to her father. I like the tenderness of the attitude and the fine serene look of the old man.

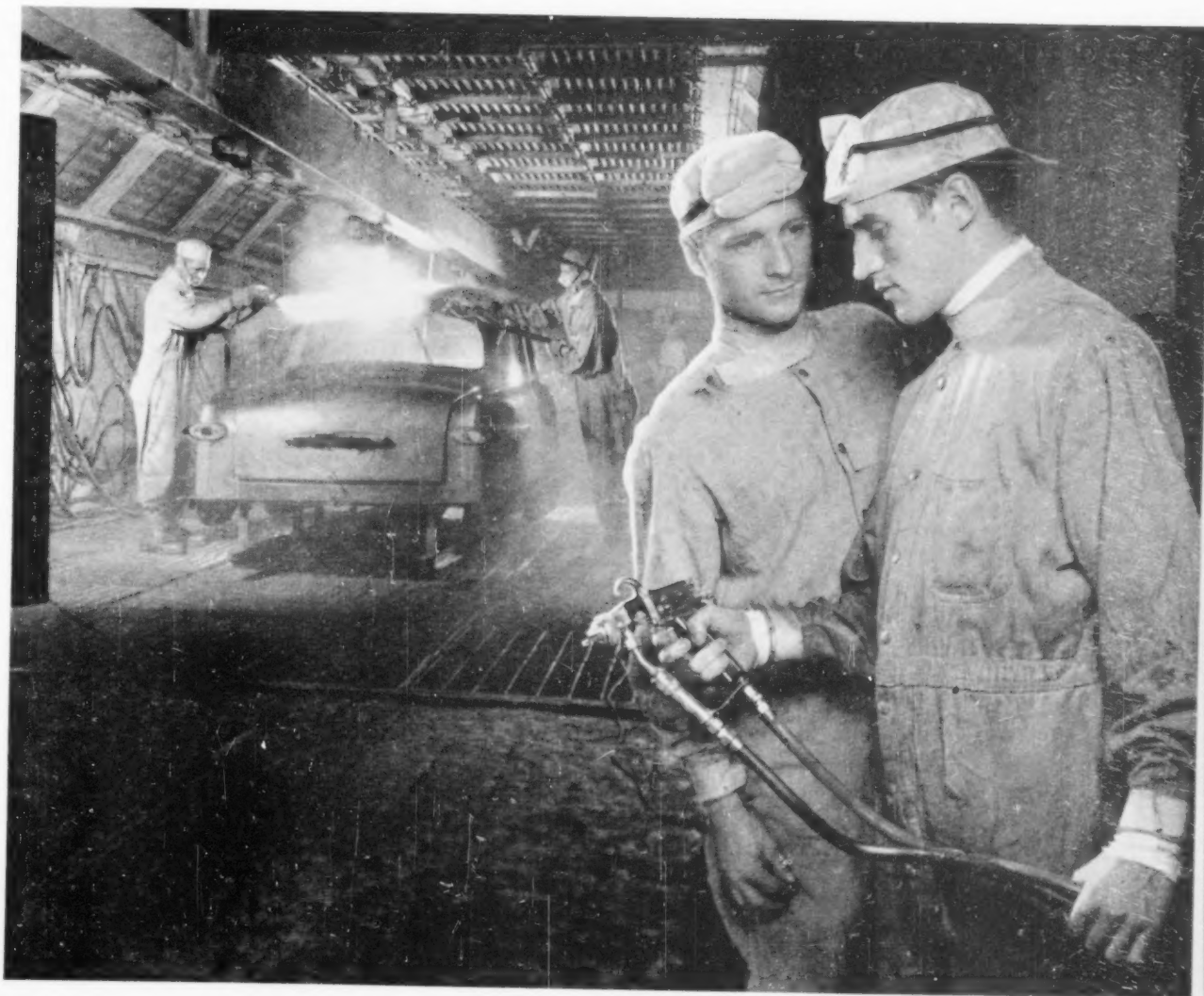
I met Subahdar Lalbahadur Thapa, VC, at the British War Office in London on one of my wartime trips. He had just come from the Palace where he had received the Victoria Cross from the hands of the King. He was telling me about how he used his long Gurkha knife, the kukri, and I photographed as he was demonstrating.

He told me he would like to have a print for each of his children at home and I saw that he got them. Not long ago I had another letter from him. There was another child and he would like another picture, which I sent him.



In the last year I have taken my camera twice to industrial plants. This has been a new and rich experience for me and the results have been what I believe to be some of my best photographs. Here for the first time is reproduced a picture from my latest assignment.

Madame Karsh and I walked miles through the Ford plant at Windsor in search of the pictures I made of automakers at work. I was struck by the mood of these two young men, discussing their work of spraying cars. To me they looked more like brain surgeons than mechanics and I think the photograph has caught some of their thoughtful concern as they paused at their work and regarded with grave intent the spray gun held by Morris Lehoux. The other boy is Terry Ewasyke. Terry is of Ukrainian parentage and Morris is Canadian. Both were twenty-one when this picture was taken.





I always like to take pictures of movie stars away from their studios, in their homes. I have found they are likely to be more relaxed, more themselves and in every way more at home. However Joan Crawford declined to sit anywhere but on a movie set where our work was somewhat hampered by a collection that included still photographers, dressers and even her poodle. As a matter of fact, the poodle interfered so much that I waived my rule against including pets in portraits of people and set up this picture. Without telling Miss Crawford I featured the dog in the picture. After all, it had been trying to get in the act all afternoon.

This photograph was taken soon after Lord Tweedsmuir was made an honorary Indian chief. He was extremely proud of this distinction (and the headdress) and he asked me to take this portrait of him. Her Majesty the Queen saw a copy of it somehow (it was never released, although in later years it was used as a frontispiece in one of his books) and asked Lady Tweedsmuir for a copy of it so she might show the Princesses how a real Canadian Indian looked. Lord Tweedsmuir's resemblance to an Indian chief is remarkable, I think.



I took this picture at Jack Miner's wildlife sanctuary at Kingsville, Ont., when I was tired of the studio and wanted a change. I sat and stood for many long hours with my camera, waiting to catch these Canada geese in their well-known Vs. I got close enough to one of them to make a different kind of portrait by Karsh.





When the Royal Canadian Navy asked me to take a photograph to be used for recruiting during the war I went to the naval barracks and looked at about one hundred and thirty sailors of all ages, but I could not find one whose face seemed to suggest the alert rugged nature of a battle-hardened young sea dog.

I was coming out of my studio on Sparks Street in Ottawa one afternoon when I met this young rating, James W. Low. I asked him if he would let me take his picture and we went upstairs to the studio.

The picture had all the elements I had been looking for. I later learned the sailor came from Brockville, had only been in the Navy a few weeks and had never even been to sea.

Joy Dunning, now soloist with the Ottawa Ballet Company, which is directed by Yolande Leduc, has been a hard-working dancer since she was a little girl. She has been with the company since it started five years ago.

In addition to her own dancing she teaches ballet and tap in her home town of Ottawa under the auspices of the YWCA and in Pembroke and Renfrew for the recreational associations.

The mirror we used as a background for this picture belongs to the Leduc family. It was bought in Venice in 1909 and is completely hand carved, the only one of its kind in the world. Several museums in the U.S. have tried to buy it, but the Leducs have no intention of parting with their treasured *Miroir Concert*.

The head man of the American Tobacco Co., the makers of Lucky Strikes, was for many years, until his death not long ago, a brilliant eccentric super-salesman called George Washington Hill. He is popularly believed to be the man who inspired the striking characterization in Frederic Wakeman's best seller, *The Hucksters*.

Hill, who was a frequent holidayer in Canada, always wore his hat. When my wife and I went to his office in New York he was, as usual, wearing the black hat you see in this picture, and she asked him jokingly if he wore it in bed.

He grinned and said: "I refuse to answer."

Later my wife accused him of wearing a hat to hide a bald head. He lifted it with a flourish to reveal a head of thick dark hair. His associates told us later it was the first time they had ever seen the hat removed, even momentarily.

Hill observed quickly that my wife was smoking Du Maurier cigarettes, her favorite brand for many years. He pressed a buzzer and gave some instructions to a secretary who returned shortly with a hand-carved wood box containing fifty-two packs of Luckies. "Smoke these," he directed.

Mme. Karsh thanked him and said she would stick with her own brand, but said many of her friends who liked his brand would be glad to get these. He laughed hugely at this and then turned to me and handed me a box of expensive cigars.

I thanked him, explaining that I never smoked cigars but I had been instructed by a friend of mine in Ottawa, Leonard W. Brockington, never, under any circumstances, to turn down a good cigar. Hill laughed again and dug out another box. "Take these to your friend, too," he said.





THIS IS THE ENEMY

Chinese soldiers in Korea fight like demons with makeshift weapons or none at all on two bowls of rice a day. But when they are captured they discover the lie in their own propaganda: UN troops don't chop their prisoners up alive

Photos and Story by PIERRE BERTON

MACLEAN'S ARTICLE EDITOR

ARMY H.Q., KOREA

WHO IS the enemy and what is he like?

On Korea's stubborn ridges this is a question often asked and seldom answered. To the infantry soldier, peeping from his foxhole, the enemy is often enough a featureless adversary on the opposite slope, living below the ground like a mole. Seldom in contemporary times has the fighting man known so little about the man he fights.

What sort of creature is this yellow man in the queer padded clothing who melts into the countryside with the skill of a chameleon, fights like a demon until he dies where he stands, and buries his dead on their backs, their faces exposed to the sky? Is he a rapist and a looter, a wild Oriental animal scourging the land he captures—or a political intellectual who goes into battle with the phrases of Marx and Engels ringing in his ears?

Actually the Chinese private soldier is something far simpler. He is, in the main, a peasant, under thirty years, married with a wife and children back home whose picture he may carry in a thin canvas wallet. He has a rice paddy in his native village which he worries about, for he is not home to work it. He would prefer to be home working than slogging through Korea's sticky clay, and like all soldiers he beefs continually about the length of the marches he has to endure.

He cannot read or write and he knows little about the world; the lectures he gets on politics often confuse him. His main concerns are not with the coming world revolution or with the imperialistic aggression of the blood-thirsty Wall Street bankers or even with the liberation of the Korean people, but with the simpler and more pressing business of getting two bowls of rice a day. But he is a disciplined soldier who does what he is told and he will, when ordered, stay in his slit trench and fight to the end, without flinching or changing expression.

He lives an austere and disciplined life, fraught with hardships which by Western standards would be intolerable. But he is used to hardship and, if he is eating, he is fairly content. The case histories of three Chinese—Chong, a former Nationalist soldier; Li, a former Communist officer, and Wu, a young recruit—tell a good deal about the enemy we fight.



These Chinese Communists in a prisoner-of-war camp patiently parade for kitchen fatigue. They use the poles to carry buckets of rice to their comrades.

Chong is twenty-four years old and about the size of a healthy Canadian fourteen-year-old. His egg-shaped head has been cropped to a short bristle and his face is more brown than yellow. He has been a soldier for six years. The first two years he spent in the Nationalist Army of Chiang Kai-shek. Prisoners taken by the Communists were occasionally returned to the Nationalist forces and they invariably reported that they had been well treated, well fed, well rested and newly equipped. This ingenious propaganda point, plus Communist leaflets which promised to return surrendering Nationalist troops to their homes, persuaded Chong to desert Chiang's army and give himself up.

Instead of being sent home he was put into the regular Communist army and sent to Manchuria. He was allowed to send one letter home to his father, a small merchant in Central China. A professional letter writer inscribed it for him, for Chong is illiterate. He got no answer and after crossing the Manchurian border he was not allowed to send or receive any more mail.

Chong found discipline tighter under the Communists. All contact with civilians was prohibited. Raping or looting was punishable by death. The troops did not go into the cities. As in the Nationalist army, leave was unheard of. In six years Chong has had no leave and he has never been out with a girl.

In the barrack areas, in the short period before bed, Chong and his friends amused themselves by singing Chinese folk songs or putting on impromptu acts of their own. Sometimes they played *fan-tan*, a game in which the players guess the number of fingers the leader will produce from his closed fist. The vast and complicated network of special services which distributes Coca Cola, comic books, doughnut machines and movies to the Allied forces does not exist in the Communist armies, which do not even have padres. Very rarely Chong and his friends would see a stage show along traditional lines, put on for the forces. They were in bed by 8.30 p.m. and up again at first light.

Chong drew the equivalent of thirty cents a month in pay. From this he had to buy his personal. *Continued on page 56*



By AL COOPER

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD TOWN

A MACLEAN'S FL

THE REAL TRAGEDY in the short happy life of Kakee-manitou-wayo was that he was born twenty-five years too late. This young Cree, whose name in English was Almighty Voice, had for his boyhood heroes the mighty Poundmaker, Big Bear and Sitting Bull, great warriors who had won immortality in the legends of their peoples through their fierce bravery on the warpath. But in 1895, when Almighty Voice was a tall and strong twenty-one, the prairie sod had been broken by the white settlers and the Crees were herded on a reservation in what is now central Saskatchewan, under the observation of the scarlet-coated North West Mounted Police. The warpath was going under the plow and the only glory left to the Crees was that spun in tales around the campfires by the elders.

To live in the past, to bow the knee to the hated whites — these shackles rubbed sore. Almighty Voice was born a savage; his warrior blood ran hot to the traditional call of the warpath, and he longed to take his place with Poundmaker. In his papoose days he had seen the running losing fight against the whites and sporadic outbursts of tribal war; now there was nothing, nothing but sitting around the teepee like a squaw—even hunting had lost its savor.

So Almighty Voice, the boy who was born too late, took his rifle and set out on his own private warpath. For twenty fantastic months he turned the time clock back and lived out his warrior dreams. The Scarlet Coats—to whom he was just a mad murderer—were his enemy, and he killed three of them, a sergeant, a corporal and a constable; he also shot a white postmaster dead, and wounded an inspector, a sergeant, another constable and a native scout.

Then, while his mother sang the death song of the Crees, the end came for Almighty Voice in the blast of the white man's cannons. He died in a small copse of willows and poplars in the Minnichinas Hills surrounded by dozens of Scarlet Coats, hundreds of settlers, ranchers and cowboys, the tragedy unfolding like a play before the proud and sorrowful eyes of his own people

THE BRAVE THEY FOUGHT WITH C

Almighty Voice yearned to take his place beside Sitting Bull in the campfire legends, but he had been born twenty-five years too late to win a warrior's fame. So he made blood enemies of the Mounties and set out on a warpath of his own



FLASHBACK

watching from the encircling hills. It was more than he would have dared ask for.

In the middle of 1895 Almighty Voice was at the peak of his young manhood. He was lean and erect, distinguished, haughty with a broad forehead and a pure blood's hawk nose. He was a sure shot and already one of the best hunters and trappers among the Crees. He was an object of great interest to the young squaws and, so the story goes, to many of the women already wed.

The bloody saga of Kakee-manitou-wayo had an inauspicious beginning—a simple act of defiance. With a companion he chopped down part of a fence belonging to a settler called MacPherson and built a fire with it.

MacPherson got the drop on the pair, and ordered them off his land. Almighty Voice, indignant at being ordered off land that he still believed belonged to the Crees, took a long pot shot at MacPherson's milk cow and drilled it through the head.

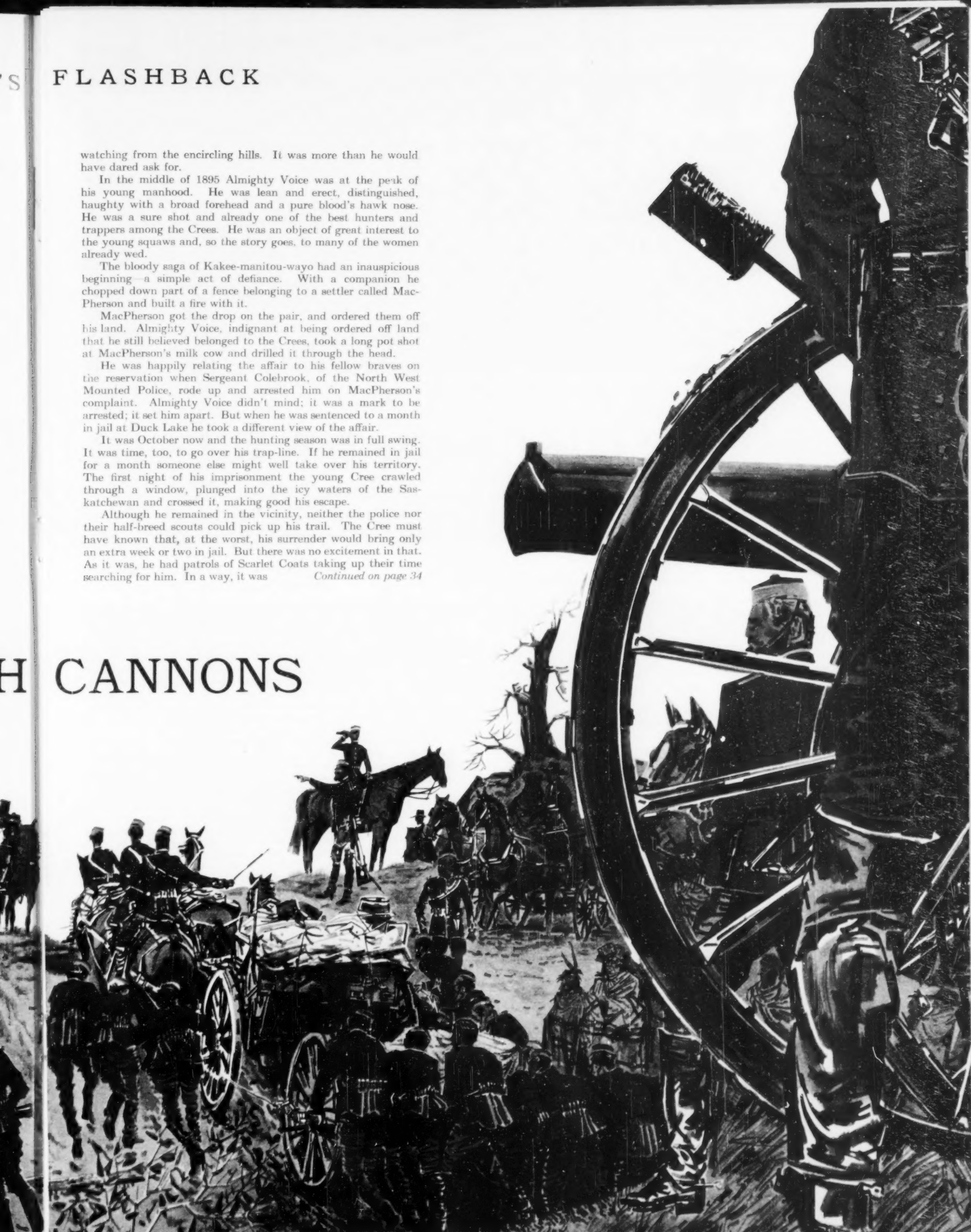
He was happily relating the affair to his fellow braves on the reservation when Sergeant Colebrook, of the North West Mounted Police, rode up and arrested him on MacPherson's complaint. Almighty Voice didn't mind; it was a mark to be arrested; it set him apart. But when he was sentenced to a month in jail at Duck Lake he took a different view of the affair.

It was October now and the hunting season was in full swing. It was time, too, to go over his trap-line. If he remained in jail for a month someone else might well take over his territory. The first night of his imprisonment the young Cree crawled through a window, plunged into the icy waters of the Saskatchewan and crossed it, making good his escape.

Although he remained in the vicinity, neither the police nor their half-breed scouts could pick up his trail. The Cree must have known that, at the worst, his surrender would bring only an extra week or two in jail. But there was no excitement in that. As it was, he had patrols of Scarlet Coats taking up their time searching for him. In a way, it was

Continued on page 34

H CANNONS





Loaded with newsprint, Canadian boats travel a picturesque route up the Richelieu to Lake Champlain and down the Hudson. They sometimes run aground.

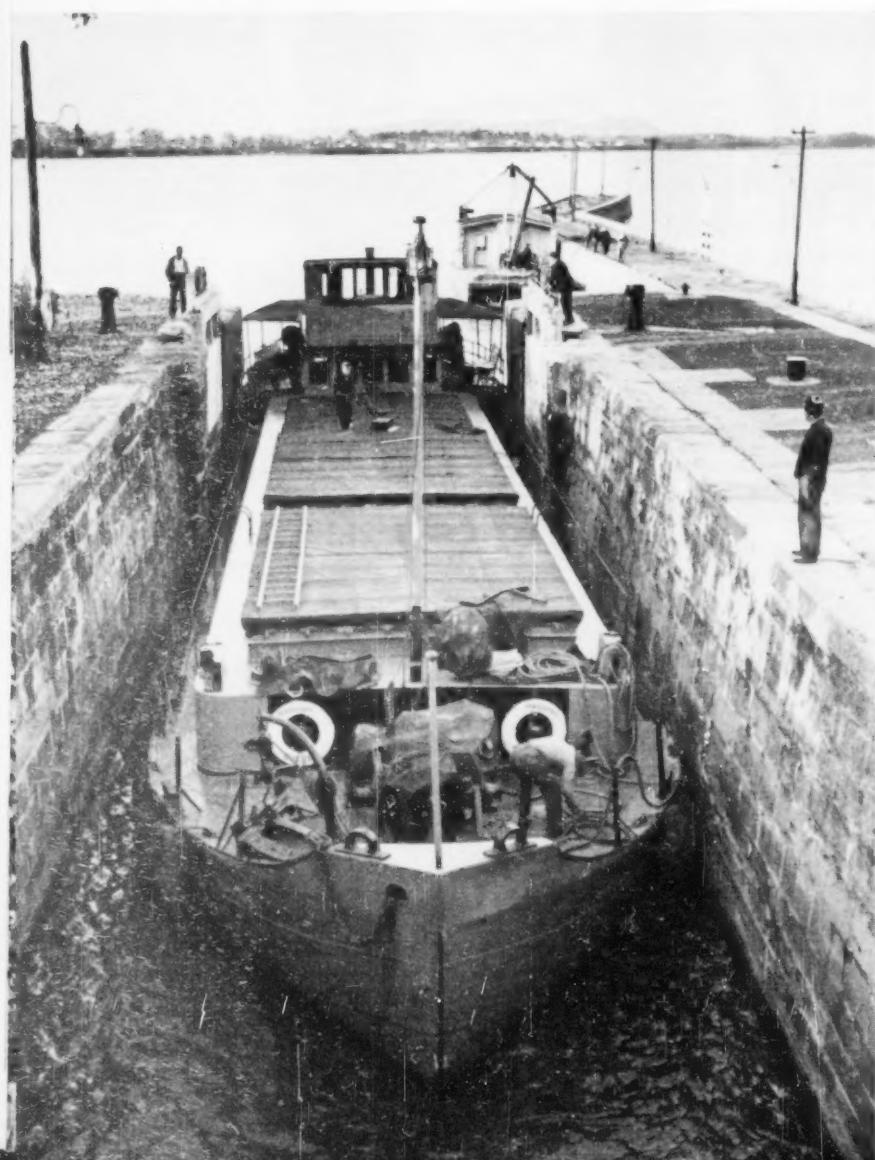
THE BOATS THAT SAIL A WARPATH

Through ancient locks, past Indian battlegrounds on the Mohawk trail, these cargo boats chug down an almost-forgotten waterway from Quebec to New York City. Listed as second cook, Mrs. Staebler went along on a routine trip that turned into tragedy

By EDNA STAEBLER

PHOTOS BY RONNY JAUQUES

Like a finger in a glove, the boats just fit the hundred-year-old Chambly locks.



ALMOST EVERY DAY from spring breakup to winter freezing a peculiar little freighter with a crew of Canadiens leaves the paper-mill town of Donnacona, on the north shore of the St. Lawrence just above Quebec City, to take two hundred and thirty tons of newsprint to New York by way of an old Indian warpath. Always close to a friendly shore and safe from stormy seas the boats pass a chain of forts built by the French to repel the Iroquois and the English. They sail by quiet fields and sleepy Quebec villages, the Green Mountains of Vermont, the Catskills and Palisades. They pass Three Rivers, Sorel, West Point, a nudist camp, Sing Sing prison and the Statue of Liberty.

The trip south takes three days and three nights. Thus a tree growing in the Laurentians can become a newspaper on Times Square in less than a week. The crews have fun in New York while the boats are reloaded, then through the land of the Mohawks they return with bags of Spanish paprika, green coffee, desiccated coconut, Japanese sewing machines, antimony ashtrays and rayon teddy bears.

Six identical barges of the Donnacona Paper Company and one used by the Gatineau Paper Company beyond Ottawa are the only vessels carrying cargo along the route which cuts the distance between Montreal and New York, from 1670 miles by sea to 452 miles by way of the St. Lawrence and Richelieu Rivers, Lake Champlain and the Hudson. Straight, narrow and flat, they were designed to fit, like a hand in a glove, the nine small locks of the Chambly Canal which, in a charming but obsolete way, circumvents the rapids of the Richelieu.

They are so carefully weighted that one extra roll of newsprint might ground them in the sixty-six miles of shallow water north of the American border. Their wheelhouses, smokestacks and masts are detachable to let them pass under the low bridges of the Champlain Canal which connects the Narrows of Lake Champlain with the upper reaches of the Hudson. Wherever they pass people stop to stare.

It was midnight when I went aboard the Newscarrrier at the pier in Donnacona and waited for the tide to launch her voyage. I was there as a writer but I had been listed as second cook. Captain Armand Normandeau, a shy little man nearing sixty, showed me the quarters I was to share with her crew of seven. At the back of the vessel, in a space the size of an ordinary living room, were four cabins, a galley, a washroom hung with lilac deodorizers, a companionway and ventilators from the engine room, two passageways and stairs to the wheelhouse—all as compact as a doll's house.

"We make for you a place with my daughter Rollande, the cook," the captain said, and introduced a small pretty girl. She spoke no English, I no French. In the tiny cabin she made room for me and my luggage. My makeshift cot was eighteen inches below the ceiling.

Through the portlight beside my pillow I watched mountains of



It takes six hours to go through nine locks in the Chambly canal, skirting Richelieu rapids.



The crew has fun in horseplay, but this trip it cost two lives.

pulpwood fade into darkness. The Newscarrrier moved southwest up the St. Lawrence. At five in the morning we were roused by Rollande's alarm clock.

At Sorel, forty-six miles below Montreal and ninety-four above Donnacona, we turned south into the Richelieu, the main line of warfare in the long-ago struggle for supremacy in America. We saw a great armament plant, freighters taking on cargo, passenger ships at anchor, a ghost fleet of minesweepers with flaking grey paint, then Canadian farmhouses, gracious stone *manoirs* and new little houses built like all the new little houses everywhere.

On the Newscarrrier the narrow deck around the three hatches was being scrubbed by a stocky young man wearing a *tuque* with a bobbing pompon. Thrusting out his broom he struck an operatic pose and burst into *La Traviata*. "That's Roger (pronounced Rojay), my deckhand," the captain laughed, "he's *bouffon*."

The watch changed every six hours. At noon the captain was relieved by the mate, Josephat Hardy, 40, a man with blue eyes, a *tuque* on the back of his curling brown hair and three tattoos on his thick arms. Adjutor du Four, 43, lively as a squirrel, took the place of Antoine Harvey, 31, the darkly handsome chief engineer. Tall

athletic Leo Leclerc, 17, completed the crew. Rollande, always in the galley, served pea soup, boiled potatoes, steak, lettuce and *Vs* of chocolate layer cake covered with strawberry jam.

The rushing noisy engine sounded like a train at ninety miles an hour, but after passing through the modern lock at St. Ours, where the Richelieu is rocky, our boat was making less than half its maximum twelve miles an hour.

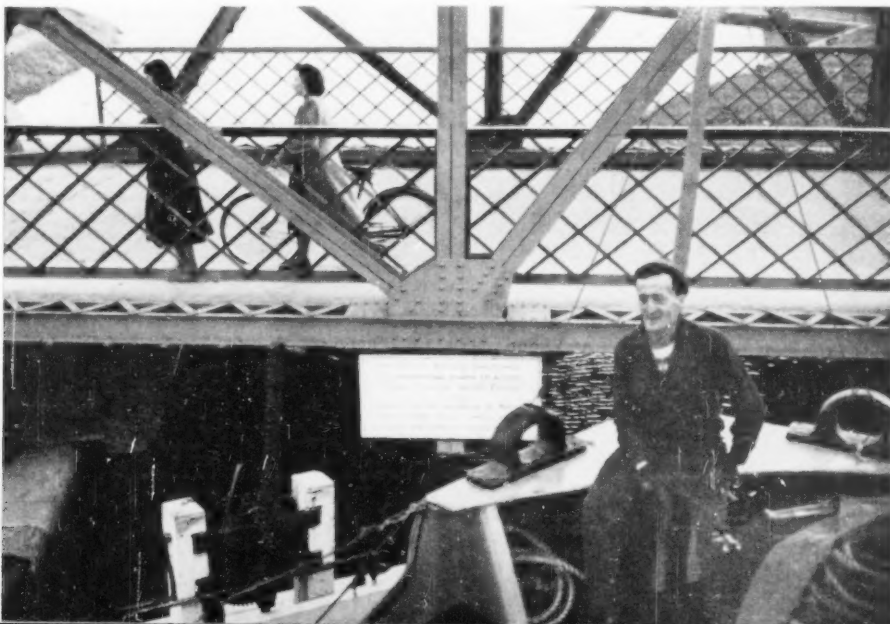
"Dis could be quick trip for many boat, but the government likes not to spend money here to raise up the river," Joe Hardy told me. "For fourteen mile from Sorel to St. Ours she is dredge but for other sixty-six mile to Lake Champlain where is American border she have only six and a half foot deep water. She have no buoys, no lights; we mark our course by trees and houses. Sometime we go in the centre, sometime on one side, then on the other. You see dat first bridge ahead? We pass through right side of him; next bridge we go left. Is fine in day but night time or when is fog we do not always know. Last year there is not many rains; near Chambly we are tied up to the bottom; we wait a few hour, then east wind bring water and we go off. But one time we wait six days."

Slowly we followed the river's

Continued on page 50

Mate Joe Hardy (below) and Engineer Du Four drowned when they fell in the Hudson.

Top speed is twelve miles an hour; the trip takes three days.

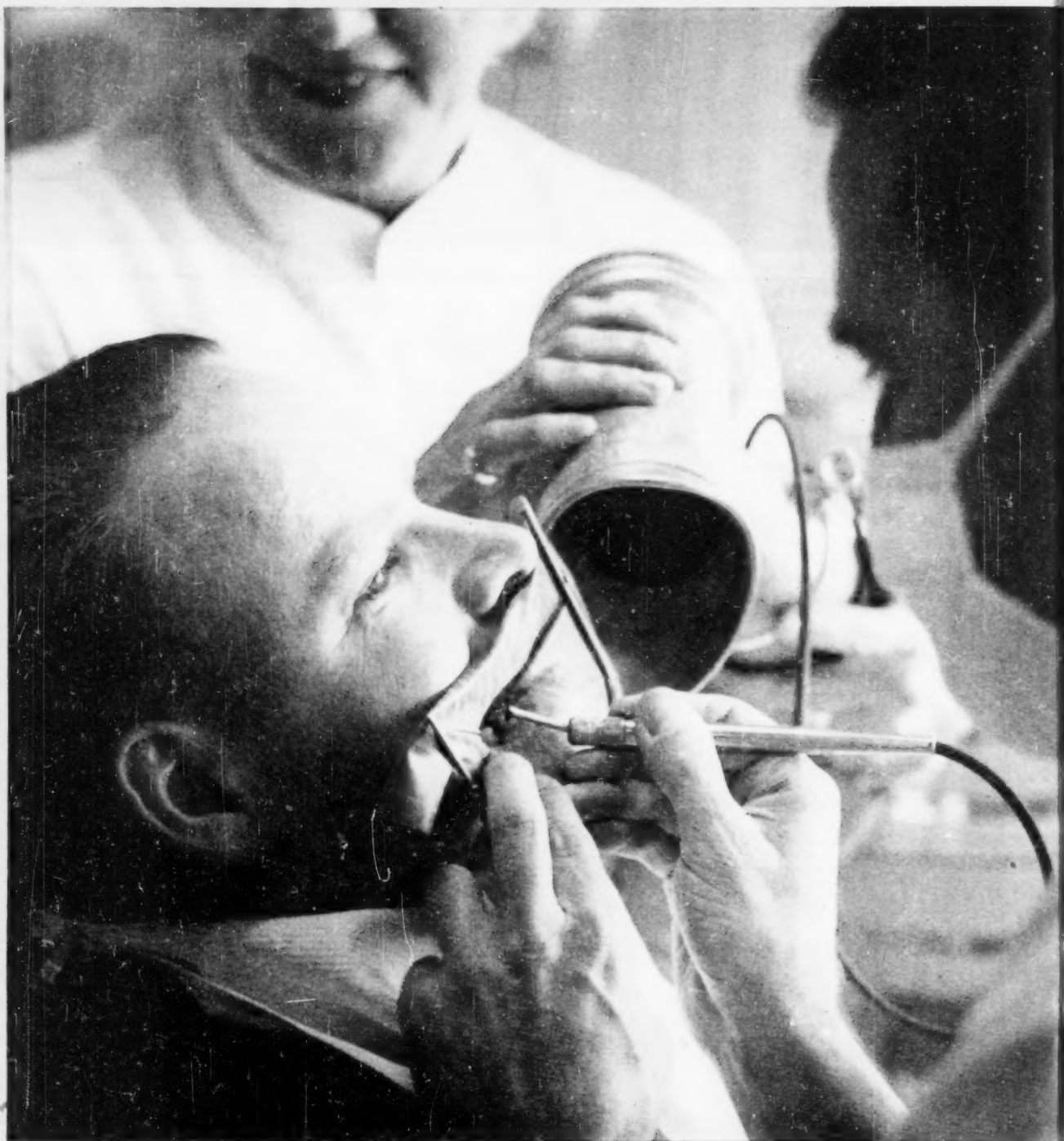


It Really Doesn't Hurt A Bit

If you're one of those people who shrink from a dentist's drill you'll be glad to know there's a new machine that does the job with a jet of dust and is as painless as a tax refund

By MAX BRAITHWAITE

PHOTOS BY PAUL ROCKET-PANDA



Writer Braithwaite opens wide for the Airdent. The rubber shield in his mouth isolates the bad tooth.

THE DENTIST'S DRILL, which has been making liars out of honest men for years, is being slowly nudged to one side in the tooth-fixing profession by a new technique which finally permits a dentist to tell the truth when he pries open your mouth, smiles and says solicitously, "Now, this won't hurt."

The other day I had a tooth filled, and it *really* didn't hurt. The operation was performed with a machine called an Airdent, which looks like a small refrigerator with vacuum cleaner attachments. It cuts into the enamel of your teeth with a fine stream of abrasive powder in the same way that a stone cutter blasts out initials on tombstones with sand. It was invented fewer than ten years ago by a Texas dentist named Robert B. Black and it's still being tested by a research institute at Ann Arbor, Mich.

But the Airdent is already being hailed as the most revolutionary discovery in dentistry since the gold inlay. In the United States more than forty dental colleges have started post-graduate courses on Airdent technique and about a hundred dentists have the machine in their offices. As the glamour gadget of the profession the Airdent has made at least three appearances on television.

At this writing there are five of the machines in Canada—three in western cities and two in Toronto—but more and more Canadian dentists are enrolling for courses at U. S. colleges and at the Ann Arbor institute, where they learn to operate the Airdent and place their orders to purchase a model for about two thousand dollars. One of the Toronto machines is at the Toronto University School of Dentistry, which plans to start a post-graduate course in the technique.

The job of drilling is in no immediate danger of being scrapped by the dental profession, because the Airdent can't always reach the more remote centres of tooth decay. But the new machine can do about seventy-five percent of the drill's work so painlessly that one authority has described it as the biggest boon to dentistry since the local anaesthetic. It is also a near-perfect cleaning instrument.

In an office on Toronto's Eglinton Avenue Dr. Ralph Singer operates one of the five machines in Canada. A dark-haired, heavy-set, precise man of thirty-six, he has pursued new dental techniques ever since he graduated from the Toronto University School of Dentistry in 1938. He was the first Canadian dentist to complete the Airdent course and buy a machine.

His office has the usual tooth-drilling and pulling paraphernalia and, in addition, a beige-colored metal box about three and a half feet high standing next to the dentist's chair on four rubber-tired casters. On the top at front is a set of dials for regulating the flow of abrasive powders that do the cutting and cleaning and the carbon dioxide gas that forces the powders under seventy-five to a hundred pounds pressure through a long thin rubber hose and a pin-point nozzle at a thousand feet per second. The nozzle is attached with a ball-and-socket joint to a handpiece slightly smaller and lighter than the old drill holder.

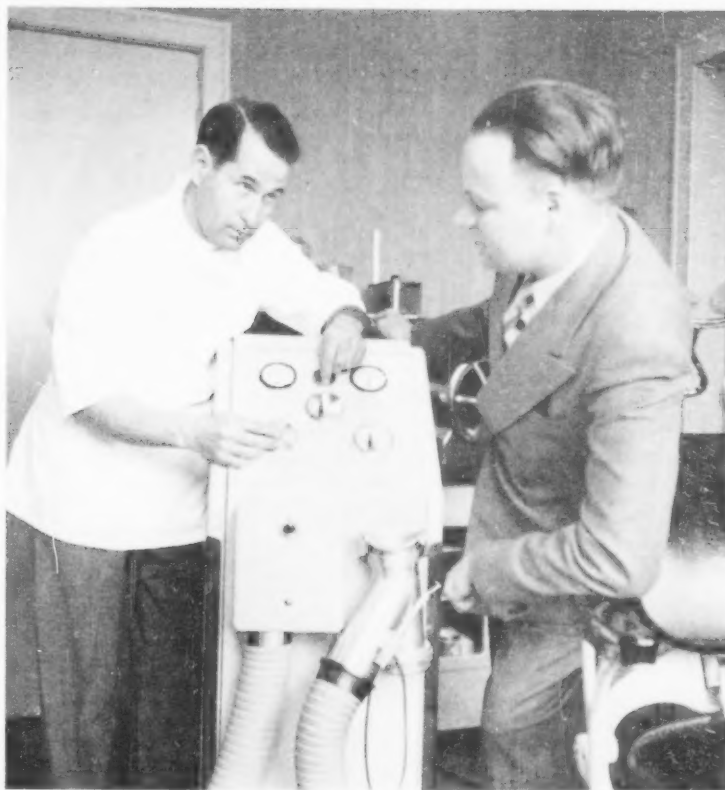
The Enamel Seemed to Melt

Hanging down the front of the machine, like an elephant's trunk, is a large rubber hose which draws off used abrasive powder exactly like a vacuum cleaner.

Singer adjusted the dial controlling the cleaning powder (a carbonate of calcium and magnesium called dolomite) and showed me a stained old tooth set in a wax holder. Then he pressed a foot pedal attached to a hose at the bottom of the machine. A small, almost invisible stream of powder shot from the nozzle. He directed this at a dark stain at the base of the mounted tooth; in a few seconds the stain vanished.

Then Singer switched to the cutting powder (aluminum oxide) and directed the jet at the top of the tooth from a distance of about a quarter inch, moving it slowly back and forth like an artist using an airbrush. The enamel seemed to melt away, leaving a small neat hole in the tooth.

Dr. Ralph Singer of Toronto has one of the few machines in Canada. It costs about \$2,000.



What happens if this tooth-piercing spray happens to touch your lips, gums or tongue? Singer pointed the nozzle, still spitting its thin spray, at his finger. He didn't even flinch. The harder the surface the better the abrasive cuts, he explained. It has little effect on soft resilient tissues. Since the powders are not silicones, there is no danger of silicosis from the dust getting into a patient's nasal passage; anyway, the vacuum tube draws off ninety percent of the powder almost as soon as its work is done.

The Airdent is making such an impact on the dental profession because it relieves the average patient from his almost traditional fear of the drill. Dentists expect, therefore, that when the Airdent is in wider use and better known their business will increase.

Singer pointed out that most of the discomfort (dentists don't use the word pain) of the drill is caused by pressure, heat, vibration and bone-conducted noises. Cutting through hard outer tooth enamel with a metal bur whirling at four thousand revolutions per minute requires from two to three pounds pressure and generates enough heat to burn. And the vibration and noise of the whirling drill are transmitted through the teeth and jaw bones to the bones of the ear and the skull surrounding the brain, making the drill sound and feel more like a hundred riveting machines than the delicate little instrument it is.

The Airdent has none of this. The particles of dolomite flying out the nozzle create less than half an ounce pressure—not enough to feel. Tests have shown that although the action of the abrasive on the tooth does create heat this is neutralized by the cooling effect of the gas stream. There is no direct contact between the machine and the tooth, so there is no vibration.

Now I would normally think no more of jumping into a dentist's chair than of leaping into a vat of hot lead, but by this time I had convinced myself that the Airdent was everything Singer said. I stopped sniveling and climbed into the chair. He prodded around in my mouth and finally announced that he had located a suitable cavity in a back tooth. I braced myself.

Singer held up a six-inch square of thin rubber with a small hole in the centre. This was a rubber dam used to isolate the tooth so that the Airdent can work on a completely dry surface. Moisture

on a tooth causes the powder to form a paste and nullifies the cutting effect. He fitted the hole over the tooth and shoved the rubber into my mouth until it felt like a piece of broken balloon that you suck into your mouth to make a smaller balloon. In a mirror I was permitted to look at the lone tooth sitting up there high and dry—waiting.

Singer meanwhile had decided on the size and shape of the cavity he wanted to cut; unlike the drill, the Airdent cannot be used for probing around a tooth. And he had determined the amount of pressure he would use to do the cutting. Now he deftly set the proper dials while his nurse stepped over to the side of the chair with the vacuum hose. She held the suction hood close to the side of my mouth and turned it on; it purred like a vacuum cleaner.

It Works Faster Than a Drill

I heard the familiar words, "Open a little wider, please," closed my eyes, squeezed the arms of the chair in my fists and tried to shove the back of my head through the head rest. Above the hum of the vacuum apparatus I heard a faint hissing sound, but I felt absolutely nothing. I opened my eyes to see when he was going to start on the tooth. He was grinning and it suddenly struck me that he had finished.

He started to work again and this time I kept my eyes open but still felt nothing. He took the nozzle out of my mouth and handed me a mirror. I looked where he pointed and there was a neat round hole in the side of the tooth. It was ready to be filled, but to smooth it off he decided to use the drill for a few seconds.

"It will give you a chance to compare the two methods," said Singer.

Then I felt the heat and the vibration and the pressure of the drill and I didn't enjoy them any more than I ever had. Singer explained that dentists will still need a drill to prepare cavities that can't be reached by the Airdent and to enlarge them from the inside. But the new machine does most of the hard outside cutting, and does it much faster than a drill.

As his nurse mixed the amalgam to fill the tooth, Singer told me that he'd used the Airdent on about fifty patients up to the time of my visit, and about twelve had received

Continued on page 37

Hit

*Little Molly Meade had to find
a way to show him
that just being in love
could be
the greatest song of all*



Tune for Two Hearts

O. HENRY ruined the reputation of the furnished room. Think "furnished room" and your mind sees stark interiors where the dispirited sit on sagging beds considering failure. Definitely, O. Henry did furnished rooms no favor, for the truth is they are lived in largely by industrious young people with steady jobs and reasonable ambitions. They like their world fine, for a world it is, as unified and real as any segment of society anywhere. The rooms range from frankly inferior to snugly spacious with wood-burning fireplaces that work, and a view. It would surprise you, even, how much some rooms are loved.

Molly Meade's room had charm and sun coming in like a floodlight in late afternoon. Molly Meade leaned back in her chair, made a tent of her fingers and appraised her room. She liked the simple maple desk, the unassuming lengths of plaid at the win-

By JOAN AND MAX PORTER

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSH

dow, the Ageratum growing quietly on the sill. It was a good room for a girl who was the associate editor of a department store house organ and who expected with time and diligence to become the editor. Down the hall were duplicate rooms inhabited by three friends, Rhoda, Tom and Harry. Paths were worn daily on the fading carpet that problems might be solved and goodfellowship exchanged.

It was a good room, a good life—except for one thing.

He was a new roomer, a young man occupied chiefly with racing in and out, his camel's hair coat a-fly behind him. In between racing he

banged on the piano. He was banging now in the room next to Molly's, and Molly Meade put down the copy she was correcting.

So far Joel Bannister had broken approximately four of the unwritten rules of rooming houses. He had not spoken to anyone—not even "hello" across the hall. He had left his soap and towels in the bathroom shared by all. He had not pasted a label with his name on his bottle of milk in the community refrigerator, and he had, one Sunday afternoon, monopolized the telephone.

Last night over spaghetti in Rhoda's room they had discussed him. Tiny Rhoda had tapped her high arched foot and called him: "Inconsiderate, unfriendly and undoubtedly"—Rhoda puffed furiously on her cigarette—"a snob."

"A glamour-bound," Tommy had said looking up from his law books. *Continued on page 38*





"Trees have personalities, just like people," says Martin. "Have you never seen one laughing?"

TREE DOCTOR

If an oak is undernourished or a birch is bleeding to death tree consultant Earl Martin usually knows what to do. One of the few patients he ever lost was an elm he converted to a chimney

By MCKENZIE PORTER

PHOTOS BY GILBERT A. MILNE

WHEN he was laying out his grandiose estate at Niagara Falls in the middle Twenties the late Sir Harry Oakes summoned from Toronto a tall willowy contractor called Earl Martin who, to distinguish himself from foresters, nurserymen, gardeners, landscape artists and all the other craftsmen associated with trees, had assumed the impressive professional label of arboriculturist.

"When I hire labor," said Oakes, "I expect my orders obeyed to the letter."

"To the letter," said Martin.

"I pay well and I want only the best."

"You'll get the best."

"And no silly questions."

"No questions."

"Well," said the millionaire, "you see that big elm tree?"

"Yessir."

"I want you to bore a hole in it from the very bottom right up the centre of the trunk to the very top."

"A hole from bottom to top," said Martin gravely. "Very good, sir."

During the next ten days, as his men burrowed like death watch beetles up the interior of the giant elm, Martin had plenty of time to speculate on the reasons for this costly and whimsical chore.

It is enough to say at this point that the job laid the financial foundations of a flourishing business. On this side of the border, few make more money than Earl Martin out of preserving, controlling and moving ornamental trees about as if they were knickknacks. At fifty, and no longer in need of the pompous arboriculturist tag to bolster his professional ego, Martin is president and

proprietor of Cedarvale Tree Experts Limited, of Toronto, Hamilton and Ottawa.

Greying now, but still a slender six feet two inches he makes a fat five-figure income out of pruning, spraying, bracing, feeding, stuffing, ventilating and transplanting thousands of trees a year. Although he started with thirty cents and a pair of borrowed clippers he now employs more than a hundred men, runs twenty-five trucks and owns winches, power saws and special equipment of his own design which will pluck a hundred-foot tree out of the ground like a flower.

Soft spoken and gentle to the point of meekness he directs crews working all over Ontario and Quebec from a five-floor suite of offices sunk cleverly beneath a blue-and-white shuttered bungalow on Toronto's St. Clair Avenue.

Millionaires pay Martin thousands of dollars to plant mature trees on new estates and save them fifty years of waiting for saplings to grow. Martin digs rotten chunks out of ancient trees and fills the cavities as a dentist fills a tooth. Suburbanites tormented by urchins trampling over flower beds to steal apples or cherries call Martin in blossom time to spray the pollen with sulphur and ensure that the branches will be barren of fruit.

When the level of land around new homes is raised the excavated clay on top of the old turf smothers the roots of shade trees, so Martin sinks ventilation shafts through which oxygen and bacteria, essential to arborial health, may be breathed. If city trees look frail, municipalities ask Martin to bring along his pressure feeders and pump down to the roots chemical nourishments denied them through the unnatural overcrusting of God's green earth by John McAdam's black candy.

Telephone and hydro companies employ Martin to prune branches fouling their overhead lines. Martin's men brace trees with almost invisible wire against the pressure of gales; immunize valuable trees from lightning with inconspicuous grounded conductor cables; and remove dead trees from densely populated districts without breaking a window by using the precision felling methods of high riggers in logging camps.

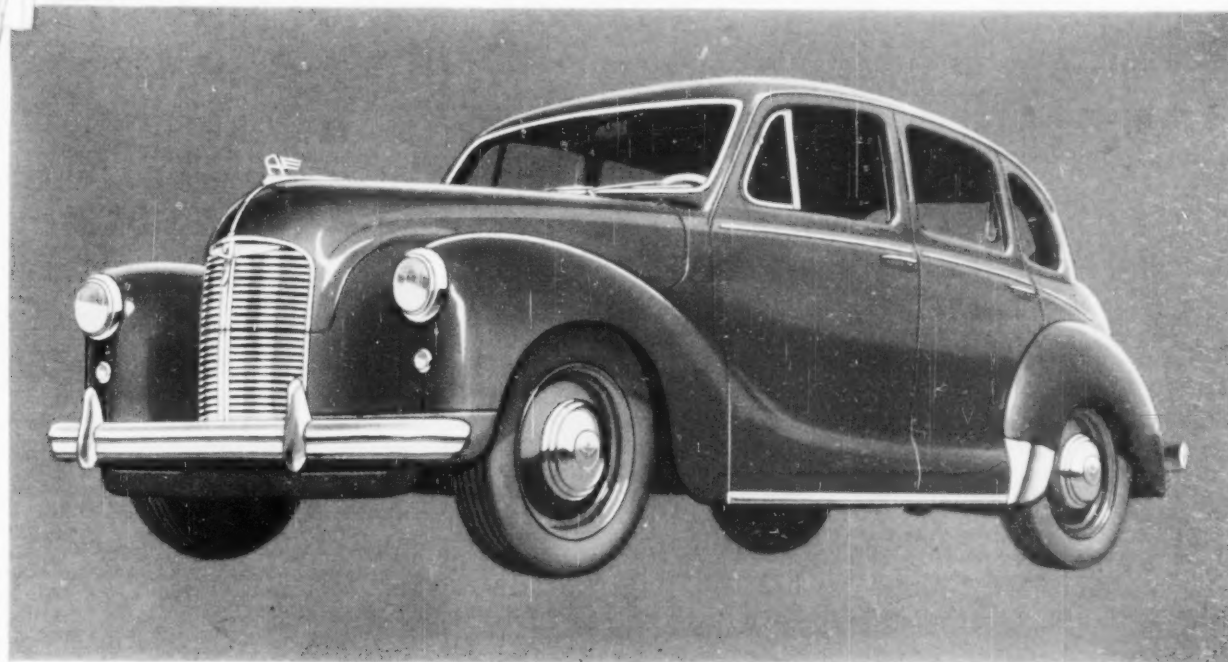
But Martin hates destroying a tree. The fact that Toronto has cleared more than twenty thousand trees off the city streets in the last five years is in his view barbarous. Unless urbanites awake to the comforting properties of trees in their midst, he says Canadian cities will become dried-out ovens in summer. He is a past president of the Men of the Trees Society of Canada and of the Canadian chapter of the National Shade Tree Conference of the United States, both voluntary organizations dedicated to the preservation of foliage in built-up areas. *Continued on page 43*



Martin's hundred-man outfit can pluck a grown tree like a flower and replant it anywhere.



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For the AUSTIN A-40 Devon is full of surprises for the first-time driver.

It gives you *luxury*—the luxury of a finely appointed interior with grained leather upholstered Dunlopillo seats and deep-pile floor carpeting.

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It gives you *ease of driving*—an ease of steering so finely balanced that a finger-tip caress of the wheel takes you round curves or keeps you flying straight as an arrow.

Speed? Nimbleness in traffic? Quiet, effortless flight on the open road? AUSTIN gives you these, too.

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PORTRAIT BY PAUL CLEMENS

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Mrs. Staebler and her portable squeeze through the Chambly locks.

IN THE *Editors'* CONFIDENCE

AFTER some days of waiting, Edna Staebler got her summons to be in Donnacona to make the trip to New York in the canal boat (page 18) suddenly. In her hurry to make the sailing time she missed Ronny Jaques, the photographer, and all through the first part of the trip she nervously fingered her own camera, which she had brought along to take pictures just in case she and Ronny and the boat didn't get together as planned.

All through the first day we received communiqués from her.

"Sorry I couldn't let you know about the change in departure time," she told us in a message, concluding unhappily: "I suppose the photographer will never catch up with us now and I'm not sure what kind of pictures I'll take." As the boat approached Chambly she set the stops on her camera and bravely signaled: "I'm prepared to do what I can with this inadequate camera—if the light is good enough."

Later she took heart, but not for long when she told us: "I am on deck, the sun is shining, the crew is singing French songs and we had a chocolate layer cake seven inches high at lunch. The boat is moving so slowly now you could walk beside it. Maybe if my pictures don't turn out we can have a photographer take some on the return journey."

But the last message read: "Ronny Jaques has been following us all the way taking pictures. Thank goodness. And I thought he was a tourist."

• Just about the time Pierre Berton, our article editor, was tidying up his story on Chinese prisoners of war in Korea (see page 14) Blair Fraser, our Ottawa editor, was taking off for Oslo on the first leg of a journey that has included all the Scandinavian countries together with stops at such newsworthy date lines as Belgrade in Yugoslavia and Teheran in Iran. His overseas dispatches will appear in early issues.

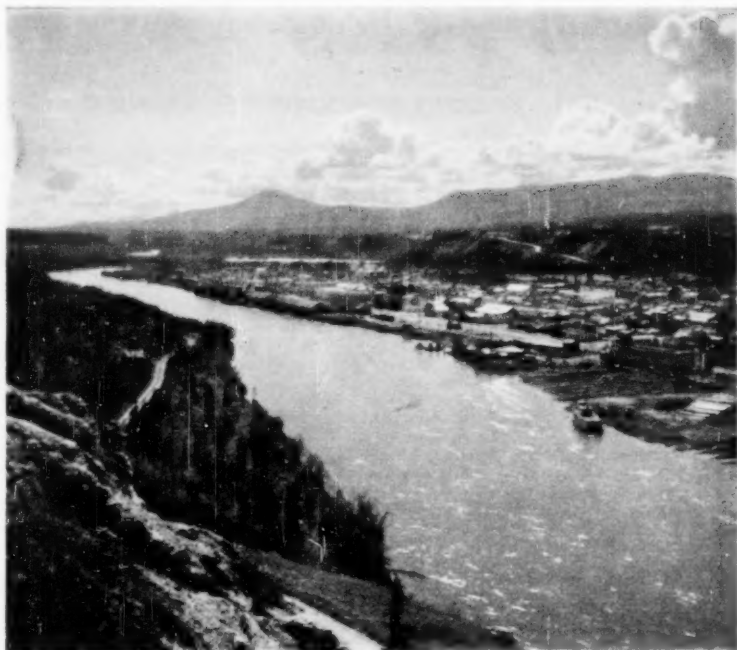
THE COVER



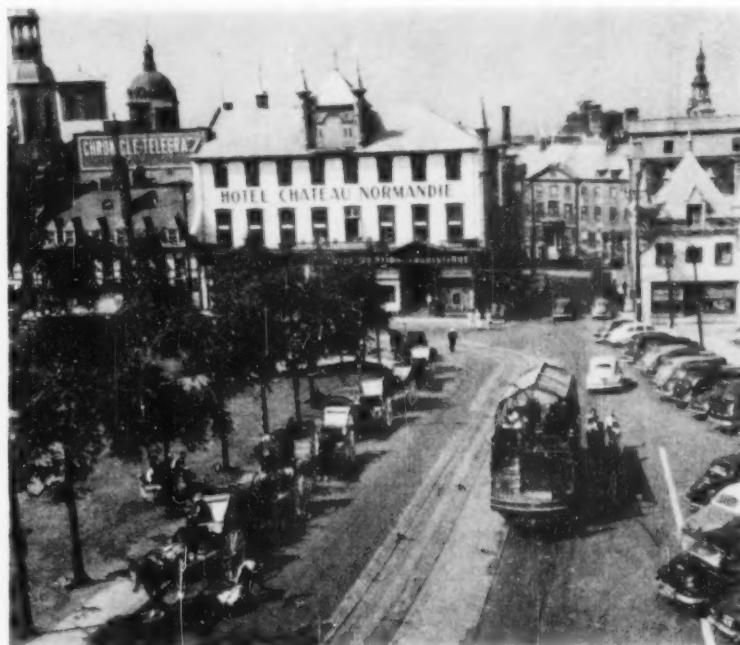
REX WOODS, a man who once packed his boyish belongings and left home to run away with the circus, says this cover came right out of his own experience.

At the age of five Woods was an ardent circus buff. After one evening performance he packed a bag and lay down for a few hours' sleep, and stole out of the house in the early morning. But by the time he reached the fair grounds the circus had gone.

To get there... MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!



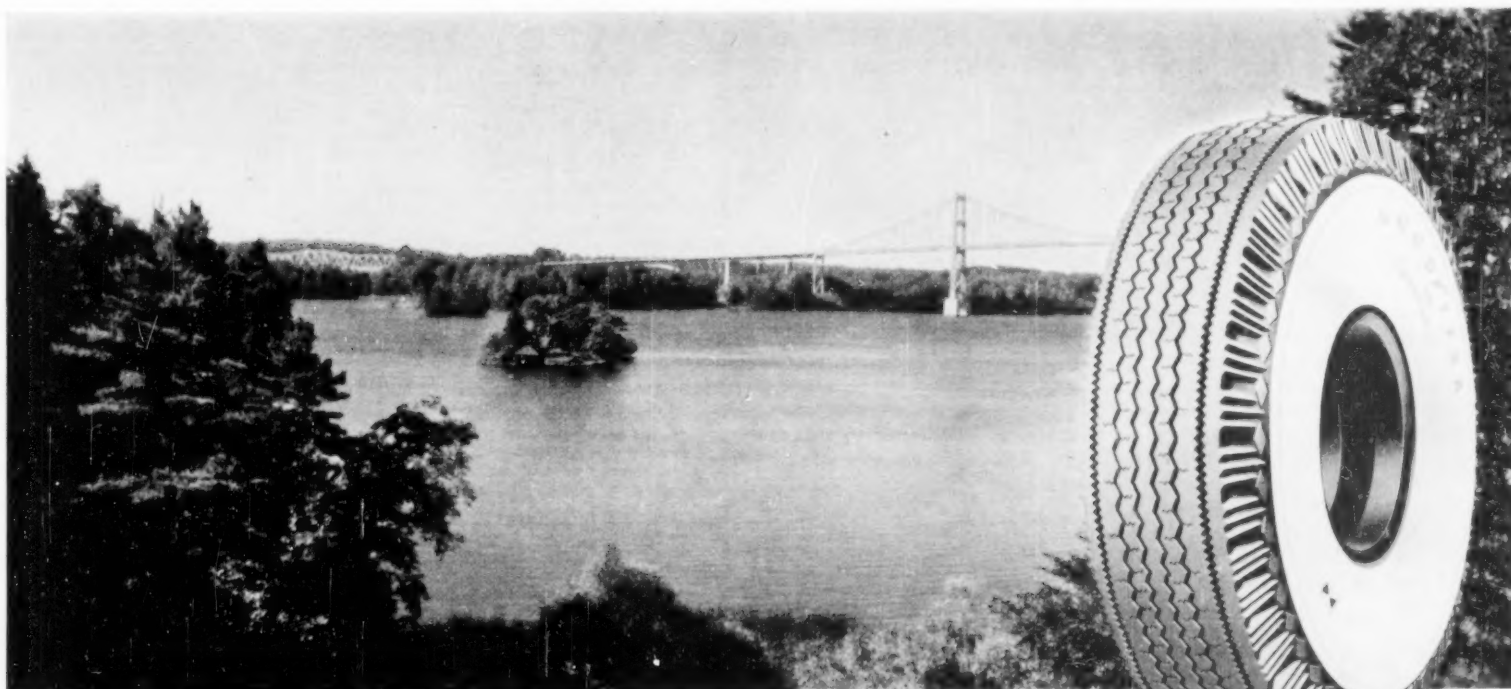
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From the Yukon to Quebec . . . any place in this big and beautiful Dominion, more Canadians ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind . . . and it's important to you to know why. You see, car makers . . . who really know tires—find that Goodyear Super-Cushions give the best all-around combination of safety, softer ride and mileage.

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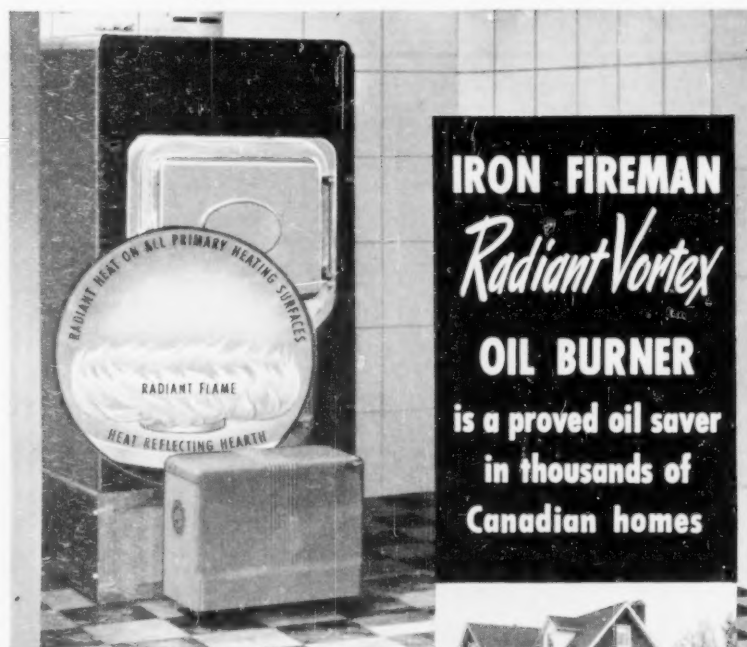
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Mr. W. C. Downing, Port Credit,
Ontario, saves 114 gallons in first
year with Iron Fireman oil firing

The Downing home was originally heated with coal, using from 9 to 10 tons per season. The Downings then switched to oil and eventually replaced the first oil burner with an Iron Fireman Vortex. "We are delighted," writes Mr. Downing, "and our friends are surprised at our low heating cost. Here is the record:

1947-48 (old burner) 804 gallons
1948-49 (Vortex) 690 gallons

The comfort at such low cost is most gratifying."

There is no mystery about Iron Fireman fuel savings when you see how the Vortex oil burner works. The radiant, bowl-shaped flame starts at the grate level and sweeps up along the furnace walls. Under the fire is an insulated hearth, reflecting heat upward. No heat is wasted in the ashpit. The Vortex burner reaches maximum heat output in a few seconds, cutting your fuel bills and giving steadier, more comfortable heating.

The Iron Fireman Vortex oil burner is easily and quickly installed in your present furnace or boiler. Phone or see your Iron Fireman dealer, or mail the coupon below.

IRON FIREMAN
Radiant Vortex
OIL BURNER
is a proved oil saver
in thousands of
Canadian homes



The Downing home, 37 Wenonah Drive, Port Credit, is located on the shore of Lake Ontario. This attractive six-room house is equipped with a hot water heating system. Installation of an Iron Fireman Vortex oil burner has resulted in a substantial oil saving.

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FURNACES AND
BOILERS

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Quick acting oil boilers for steam, hot water or radiant panel heating are available in a wide range of capacities. Built-in Vortex burner,

Iron Fireman equipment sold in Canada is manufactured in Canada.

IRON FIREMAN
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Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



ACE IN THE HOLE: Writer-director Billy Wilder, who helped create Sunset Boulevard, has turned up with another exceptional film. It's about a newspaper reporter (Kirk Douglas) who turns an entombed man's agony into a seven-day circus for the sake of sensational stories. The script decently acknowledges that such characters are the exception, not the rule, in modern journalism.

APPOINTMENT WITH DANGER: Another Alan Ladd guns-and-uppercuts yarn, featuring the English actress Phyllis Calvert as a nun who knows about a murder. Mr. L. is a postal inspector who "joins" a gang planning a big mail robbery. Routine in treatment, but smooth and satisfactory to the Ladd fans.

BEDTIME FOR BONZO: Not a bad light comedy for the family trade, although some grown-ups may squirm a little when they are not laughing with the kiddies. It's about a psychology professor (Ronald Reagan) and his pretty housekeeper (Diana Lynn) who adopt a baby chimpanzee.

BULLFIGHTER AND THE LADY: A memorable performance by old-timer Gilbert Roland as an ageing matador and some good action shots make this one something to see. The story, however, is trite and shallow, involving Robert Stack as a platinum-blond gringo who learns bullfighting to impress a lady.

FOLLOW THE SUN: Aside from several spurious scenes centring around a sports columnist who is malignant to our hero for no reason that I can imagine, this is an interesting and appealing screen biography of Ben Hogan, the champion golfer. Glenn Ford persuasively impersonates Mr. H., and Anne Baxter is fine as his plucky wife.

FOURTEEN HOURS: One of Hollywood's best suspense thrillers. Based

on a real case, it tells the story of a sorely troubled young man (Richard Basehart) who paralyzes Manhattan traffic from morning until night while trying to decide whether to jump from a skyscraper ledge. Paul Douglas is excellent as a rugged, compassionate cop who tries to stop him.

THE LEMON DROP KID: Bob Hope is his usual self as a race-track tout who dresses up like Whistler's mother while saving his hide from a vengeful mobster. Thinly related to a story by Damon Runyon, the picture is a shabby successor to such earlier Hope-operas as The Paleface and Fancy Pants.

LUCKY NICK CAIN: Authentic Italian scenery and some over-artistic photography fail to cover up the basic emptiness of a factory-built adventure yarn about an American gambler (George Raft) who tangles with black marketeers in post-war Europe.

THE MAGNET: A pleasant and civilized little British comedy. It has to do with a highly imaginative small boy (William Fox) who is convinced that all the bobbies in England are bent on sending him to the gallows.

ON THE RIVIERA: The brightest and funniest Danny Kaye musical since Up in Arms and Wonder Man. A couple of double-meaning scenes may take a lot of explaining to the kiddies, but Danny himself is in top form. He has a dual role — an American entertainer and a raffish French aviator. Gene Tierney and Carinne Calvert are the women in his, or their, life, or lives.

UP FRONT: Bill Mauldin's honest, sardonic and hilarious war cartoons have been watered down and stirred up together to make an occasionally amusing movie, with Tom Ewell and David Wayne as the deathless Willie and Joe. But the plot is a corny one, unworthy of the true Mauldin spirit.

GILMOUR RATES

All About Eve: Satiric comedy. Tops.
Bird of Paradise: Tropical love. Fair.
Blue Lamp: Police thriller. Good.
Born Yesterday: Comedy. Excellent.
Brave Bulls: Matador drama. Fair.
Broken Arrow: Western. Good.
Call Me Mister: Comic musical. Fair.
City Lights (re-issue): Comedy. Tops.
Clouded Yellow: Suspense. Good.
Cry Danger: Crime drama. Fair.
Cyrano de Bergerac: Drama. Fair.
Double Deal: Oil-well drama. Fair.
The Enforcer: Crime drama. Good.
Fancy Pants: Bob Hope farce. Good.
Father's Little Dividend: Comedy. Good.
Fuller Brush Girl: Comedy. Fair.
Great Manhunt: Suspense. Good.
Grounds for Marriage: Musical. Fair.
Halls of Montezuma: War. Good.
Harvey: Fantastic comedy. Good.
Highly Dangerous: Spy drama. Fair.
I Can Get It for You Wholesale: Sly, satiric comedy-drama. Fair.
I'll Get By: Musical farce. Fair.
The Jackpot: Comedy. Good.
Kim: Kipling adventure. Good.
King Solomon's Mines: Jungle epic plus romance. Tops.
Last Holiday: Tragi-comedy. Good.
The Lawless: Suspense drama. Good.
Lightning Strikes Twice: Drama. Poor.

Lullaby of Broadway: Musical. Fair.
Macbeth: Shakespeare drama. Fair.
Mad Wednesday: Comedy. Good.
Mating Season: Comedy. Good.
The Milkman: Durante farce. Good.
Mister 880: Comedy. Excellent.
Molly: Bronx comedy. Fair.
Mr. Music: Crosby musical. Fair.
The Mudlark: Comedy-drama. Good.
Mystery Street: Crime. Excellent.
Never a Dull Moment: Farce. Poor.
No Way Out: Racial drama. Good.
Odette: Espionage drama. Fair.
Of Men & Music: Film concert. Good.
Only the Valiant: Western. Good.
Operation Pacific: Undersea war. Fair.
Pagan Love Song: Swim-musical. Fair.
Payment on Demand: Drama. Fair.
Redhead and Cowboy: Western. Poor.
Royal Wedding: Astaire musical. Good.
Seven Days to Noon: Atom drama. Good.
Steel Helmet: Korean war. Good.
Storm Warning: Mob drama. Good.
Sunset Boulevard: Drama. Tops.
13th Letter: Quebec drama. Good.
Three Secrets: Drama. Fair.
Tight Little Island: Comedy. Tops.
Trio: 3 comedy-dramas. Excellent.
Valentino: Romantic biography. Poor.
Vengeance Valley: Western. Good.
You're in the Navy Now: Comedy. Good.
Your Witness: Comedy drama. Poor.

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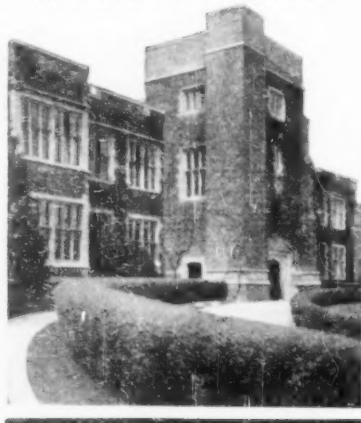
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For Prospectus write to Secretary-Bursar.



London Letter

Continued from page 4

parliamentary candidate and march on Westminster with the whole country—nay the whole world—as his audience.

But in the meantime, as Mr. Micawber was always discovering, there was the annoying problem of how to live until the walls of Jericho fell. The problem was solved in a satisfactory manner. He did so well at the college that he not only won a seat on the Urban District Council but became so prominent in the councils of the powerful South Wales Miners' Federation that he was eventually appointed a miners' dispute agent at a wage which met his necessities.

The year he received this appointment was 1926, a year of challenge and of fate, the year of the general strike. Bevan, who by that time was 29, denounced the coal owners with passion and derision and told the miners they had nothing to lose but their chains.

The general strike failed for one reason only—the rest of the nation united against it. But there was a terrible harvest of bitterness. More than any other part, the colliery towns and villages of South Wales were places of hopelessness and despair. There is no reason to doubt that Aneurin's heart was genuinely filled with hatred against a system of society which permitted men to live so wretchedly.

In 1929, the year of the Wall Street crash, he was returned to parliament for the mining district of Ebbw Vale. No longer was he an actor playing to provincial audiences but would now strut the same stage as Lloyd George, Austen Chamberlain and Ramsay MacDonald.

There was a new life in the Labor Party. It is true they had bungled their first term of office in 1923-24 but now, as a result of the 1929 election, the hated Tories no longer had a clear majority. Once more the Socialists took office, although only by the connivance of the Liberals who held the balance of power.

But the world financial crash of 1931 proved too much for the feeble hands of Ramsay MacDonald. He split the socialist party by forming an alliance with the Tories and a small section of the Liberals and held an election. The frightened bewildered country looked to the new National Government and swept it back to Westminster with such a huge majority that only a tiny remnant of independent socialists survived. Thus the National Government, with Ramsay MacDonald as the titular prime minister but Stanley Baldwin in virtual control, began its life. The election in 1935 partially restored the numbers of the Socialists who had refused to follow Ramsay MacDonald into the Tory jaws.

With comparatively few on the socialist benches, Aneurin Bevan could speak almost whenever he wanted, and soon he was attracting attention. He had a curious stammer which paradoxically served to make his eloquence more effective. L. G. chuckled as he watched the young man. "That's the way to do it," he said to Aneurin.

Then there came a curious chapter in Aneurin's story. Mayfair had discovered him and he was a popular guest in homes where butlers poured the champagne—Aneurin became very fond of champagne—and the talk was amusing. I frequently met him at Lord Beaverbrook's town house and he was an engaging and witty conversationalist. In fact he was discovering the joys of conversation where he could put away the bludgeon and use the sabre—

he never quite mastered the rapier.

Sometimes, not always with sufficient excuse, he would become violent when the talk was of politics and would lay about him as if he were back in the pits. It was at one such dinner that Brendan Bracken shouted at him: "Shut up, you Bollinger Bolshevik!" That was a blow to the solar plexus. *The Bollinger Bolshevik*. Its very alliteration was enough to hang a man.

Bevan withdrew from Mayfair. Henceforth, if he drank champagne it would not be in homes of the rich and powerful. Some day he would make the Tories pay for that insult.

In 1934, at 37, he married Jennie Lee, the dark pretty daughter of a Yorkshire miner, a young woman with a deep attractive voice who had shown her strength of purpose by working her way through Edinburgh University—acquiring an M.A. and a LL.B. She became a Labor MP in 1929, was defeated in 1931, but returned to Westminster in the post-war Labor sweep in 1945.

Joe Louis at Westminster

In the meantime Aneurin had formed a close friendship with Sir Stafford Cripps. They produced a weekly periodical, *The Tribune*, which Cripps financed and Bevan edited, and they called for a common Left-wing front of socialists and communists against the Tories. This so outraged the respectability of the socialists that they expelled Cripps from the party and warned Bevan that he would be similarly treated if he did not behave himself.

Then came the war, the fall of Chamberlain and the rise of Churchill to autocratic power. There was really no opposition to Churchill so Bevan decided to fill the void. When everyone was cheering the prime minister this youngish Welshman criticized him to his face. He even suggested that the British Army should be placed under the command of a Russian general.

Instead of ignoring him Churchill denounced him as a squalid nuisance and lost his temper on more than one occasion. This, you will agree, was a mistake on Churchill's part. He should have ignored the Welshman or left him to the rest of us, but even a lion gets angry at a wasp. The result was that Bevan, a mere private member on the back benches, was raised on our execration to a new political importance. His mind is shrewd and he knew that after a war the British always stop cheering and demand a political change.

1945! Labor sweeps the country! The golden era of twenty-five years of Socialism is at hand. Bevan is made minister of health in charge of the new

National Health Service and the building of houses. His fellow rebel, Sir Stafford, back in the fold, was also in the Cabinet as the powerful president of the board of trade.

But did the pomp of office soften Aneurin? Not at all. He had hardly assumed office when, speaking at the Labor Party Congress, he declared: "I cannot disguise my hatred of the Tories. They are lower than vermin." That was a tactical mistake.

A Vermin Club was formed in London and, although I did not seek such distinction, I was elected an honorary member. Vermin badges were issued and proudly worn by young Tories. In fact the Tory party, which had grown soft with long office, began to punch back without too nice a regard for the Queensberry rules.

But Bevan could not be suppressed. He made another speech and denounced the British Press as the most prostituted in the world. This time Mr. Attlee sent for him and told him to shut up. It was a blow to Napoleon's pride but he had no alternative but to swallow it.

Then came the 1950 election and the socialists just scraped home. At the party inquest it was openly stated that Bevan's "vermin" speech had lost them forty seats. That may have been true, although I think that Socialism itself had done most of the damage.

In the meantime Bevan had established a great parliamentary prestige. He was complete master of the House when he spoke, and although his building program was bad and his National Health Service was madly wasteful and extravagant he dealt with the hecklers like Joe Louis taking on all comers at the zenith of his career.

Then came a great advance. Bevan was made minister of labor. The boy from the pits had become the political spokesman and guardian of the workers from which he had sprung. A new mellowness came over him. Success even curbed his unruly tongue and Churchill openly congratulated him when he made a superb speech winding up the last of the steel debates. No one doubted that when the time came he would be the next Labor prime minister.

Do men control events or do events control men? That is a question which has long been pondered by students of politics. Hardly had Bevan taken on this new cloak of dignity when Hugh Gaitskell, as Cripps' successor at the exchequer, brought in the famous budget that placed a charge upon the supply of spectacles and false teeth. To Bevan this was unbearable. It was the tweaking of the lion's nose and he let out a roar that shook the Palace of Westminster like a gale. And then he resigned. Outraged vanity plus a Celtic shrewdness told him that it was the thing to do.

The story of Aneurin Bevan is not ended but his way to supreme power may be longer and harder than he thinks. However, my purpose was to give you a picture of the man himself and not to chart his future. Off stage (and Westminster is a theatre to him) he is a lively, witty and cultured companion; he educated himself in philosophy, history and the arts, and I am one of those who believe profoundly in self-education. He is impulsive and generous, vain as a peacock and ambitious as Caesar, capable of loyalty to his colleagues but even more capable of loyalty to himself.

He rose to fame on words and it may be that he will be brought down by words. The English have a deep-rooted suspicion of the man with the gift of the gab, even though the Welsh acclaim him in song and poetry. And the English will decide. ★



OIL MAKES A COUNTRY STRONG



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About Canada's Oil

Before discovering the Leduc field in 1947, Imperial drilled 133 exploratory wells in western Canada—all dry—over a period of almost 30 years.

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It is estimated the oil industry will spend \$200 millions on exploration and development in the prairies this year.



IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED

Sailor you fix

A Canadian short story by
SHOLTO WATT

She was convalescent after a long illness and the impact of so much youthful energy was fatiguing. Miss Crawford felt; yet it provoked in her an unforeseen tendency to giggle and, before the afternoon was over, to laugh outright.

The sailor suddenly appeared before her in response to her inquiry for someone to repair her trellis, he explained. Everything about him shone. He was stocky in figure. He seemed to be in repose, but Miss Crawford had the impression that he might leap six feet without a second's warning.

She lay in a deck chair in the garden of her old house; a woman fastidious and timid; everything about her a little faded, her fair prettiness and the glance from her eyes; her clothes so quiet that they, too, seemed to have taken on a subdued protective coloring. Beside this vital human she felt like a ghost.

She had no time to deliver her little speech about how old Mackintosh, the handyman, was away ill, and so... Already the sailor was shaking the trellis vigorously and frowning at it in disapproval. "Put this shipshape", he said. In a fraction of time the prized vine, undisturbed for twenty years, was lying on the grass. There was hammering and thumping, the hose playing and the vine back, neatly tied in vertical lines. The sailor told her about himself: "Mrs. Wilson's son, down the lane. Call me 'Tug'."

Miss Crawford was unaware that every Wilson who goes to sea becomes "Tugboat", but she smiled her automatic, polite smile, which held a sweetness she did not know.

He had swindled the Navy into accepting him when he was fifteen and after the war he had entered the merchant service. Rio... Casa... Colon... He had sailed from all the Canadian ports, Halifax and Vancouver, Saint John and Montreal. He had spent a thousand bucks in two weeks between Quebec and Montreal. "Y'oughta see some of them joints down east in Montreal—just take a whirl one day..."

Miss Crawford sighed. She had not even the strength to clear out her bureau drawer, that always overhanging nuisance, that bureau drawer! She hardly saw herself in Montreal nightclubs. Where, she wondered idly, did anyone find a shirt of such a startling lucent green? Who would make it?

A glad shout announced that Tug was exploring the garden shed. "Hey! Guess what I found stowed away?" He came out beaming with a hammock and, before Miss Crawford could remember when she had last seen it, it was dusted, tested and slung between house and tree. Tug noted its fringe and headrest with a severe gaze. "Sure ain't Navy style", he said, "but all the same there's nothing like a mick for getting your great shaggy head down".

Levitated by some psychic power, Miss Crawford found herself in the hammock, alarmingly high, while Tug patted her dress into place and delivered her book and workbag to her. Liverpool... Gib... Haifa... He sent home a hundred dollars a month: "Now Mom has twelve hundred of it in her account and she won't let me have more than five bucks at a time. Figures I'd bust the lot. Figure she's right. It's for when I settle down, she says".

By then he was reorganizing her rock border, which Miss Crawford had previously thought to be in pleasing disarray. The stones were sharply inspected, cleaned, and deposited in unwavering parallel ranks. There was a girl in Tug's life, he was saying. Irene. Lived a block over. "Me, I'd like to raise a lot of fat little nippers. Grow up chunky, like me. That's for strength". He hit himself resoundingly in the diaphragm. "Irene, she's just the right type, been waiting for me three years. Broad in the beam. Cute, too", he added reflectively. "Still and all, I don't know about getting spliced. I like to get around".

Now he was getting around to such purpose that, having sternly tied back some trailing ornamental bushes, he was again at the garden shed. Swishing and crackles and the hose indicated housecleaning. "Oh, poor Mackintosh", sighed Miss Crawford—and with that an unforeseen little giggle surprised her. Yes, it would be good for Mackintosh.

"In Algiers..." Tug was saying, "in Naples..." Before Miss Crawford's inward eye came Algiers-the-White, clinging to its russet hills, enfolded in its strange green trees. And Naples—palaces and statues and fountains, held in the glistening blue of the sea and sky, and distantly, improbably, like a dim painted illusion, Capri and Sorrento.

But what was this? "Them thugs... trucks... rackets... hijackin' Army supplies... six thousand in wog money... caught a couple myself, they were sorry... knives... Army revolvers". Evidently Naples and Algiers had brought different experiences to the two people now on one seacoast Canadian lawn.

"Wasn't that very dangerous?" she said, in her faint sweet voice.

"Dangerous? Lady, y'oughta been with me in Panama. Them rats! Creep up on you but they won't stand and fight... the yellow-bellied sons of..." There followed a muttering which Miss Crawford thought it as well not to hear—even though she had to stifle another giggle.

Abruptly the storm ended. Tug smiled brilliantly: "That's no talk for a lady, not for a lady that isn't none too well anyhow. I'm going to bring you a cup of tea. Ladies", he informed her, "like afternoon tea".

"Oh, but I'm sure you'd like something, I'll just go to the kitchen—"

But as she struggled from the hammock, a firm hand pressed her back. "I'm cook of the Mess around here". In a second the back door opened and banged shut. Miss Crawford closed her eyes. Decidedly fatiguing, this youngness. She heard rushing of water and a thwack, thwack, thwack, and "Oh dear", she thought, "what will Susan say in the morning?"

She awakened to find beside her a frightening quantity of ham and eggs, immense slices of toast and steaming mahogany tea. For years Miss Crawford had taken no more in the afternoon than weak China tea, thin bread-and-butter; but she rallied, looked submissive, and said her thanks.

"I'll bet you thought I forgot the salt and pepper. But I didn't". He took them from his pocket. He said the doormat had been very dusty but he had fixed it. That would be the thwack, thwack, thought Miss Crawford. "And that lino needed a good dousing. I done it".

Then "Eat hearty, mate. Put hair—I mean, put muscle on you". He moved away, hammered some final nails into the trellis. "I'll bring some paint. Fix this up good. A nice bright red, eh?"

"That might be very pretty", said Miss Crawford, faintly but still politely.

As she ate her ham and eggs, and much more than she had imagined possible, she observed Tug making the garden shipshape according to his own seamanlike ideas. How, for instance, did that hose appear, so neatly coiled, beside the gate? She heard again the names of far, golden ports: Shanghai, Lisbon and San Francisco; Cape Town, Antwerp and Alexandria. And in each some adventure, some surprise in the sailor's fragmentary vision of the city he will never know. It was as though she saw the wide world by flashes of sheet lightning dancing in high good humor from the sky.

"You know something, lady?" He was beside her. He took her plates, shot off to wash them, and returned. "You know something? I been enjoying myself. I like to fix things. I'd like to run my own galley; and I been thinking. That Irene's a cute kid".

A momentous silence, which Miss Crawford did not break.

Then the brilliant grin. "To-night", said Tug Wilson, "I'm gonna put on my new shore-going clothes, and boy! Will that knock her cold. And I'll tell her we'll marry, and she'll fuss a while because I ain't been so quick, and I'll bring her around, and we'll go tell the folks—and Oh brother!"

He looked around the garden. "More tiddley now", he said. To Miss Crawford's mind the place looked much like a deck stripped for action. It would be long before it could regain its old casual grace. She gave him her hand, with her sad, sweet smile, and thanked him, and wished him luck in love.

He suddenly turned back. "I never shown you what them types in Panama City done to me?" He hoisted his shirt to show a long thin line of white scar diagonal on the brown torso. "If you'll take my advice, lady, you'll keep outa dark alleys round that port". He vaulted the gate and was gone.

Miss Crawford lay back, gasping a little. "I daresay", she murmured at last, "that the nation will survive the prophets of doom". With an exhilaration unexpected, she slipped out of the hammock and stepped off briskly to clear out that bureau drawer.

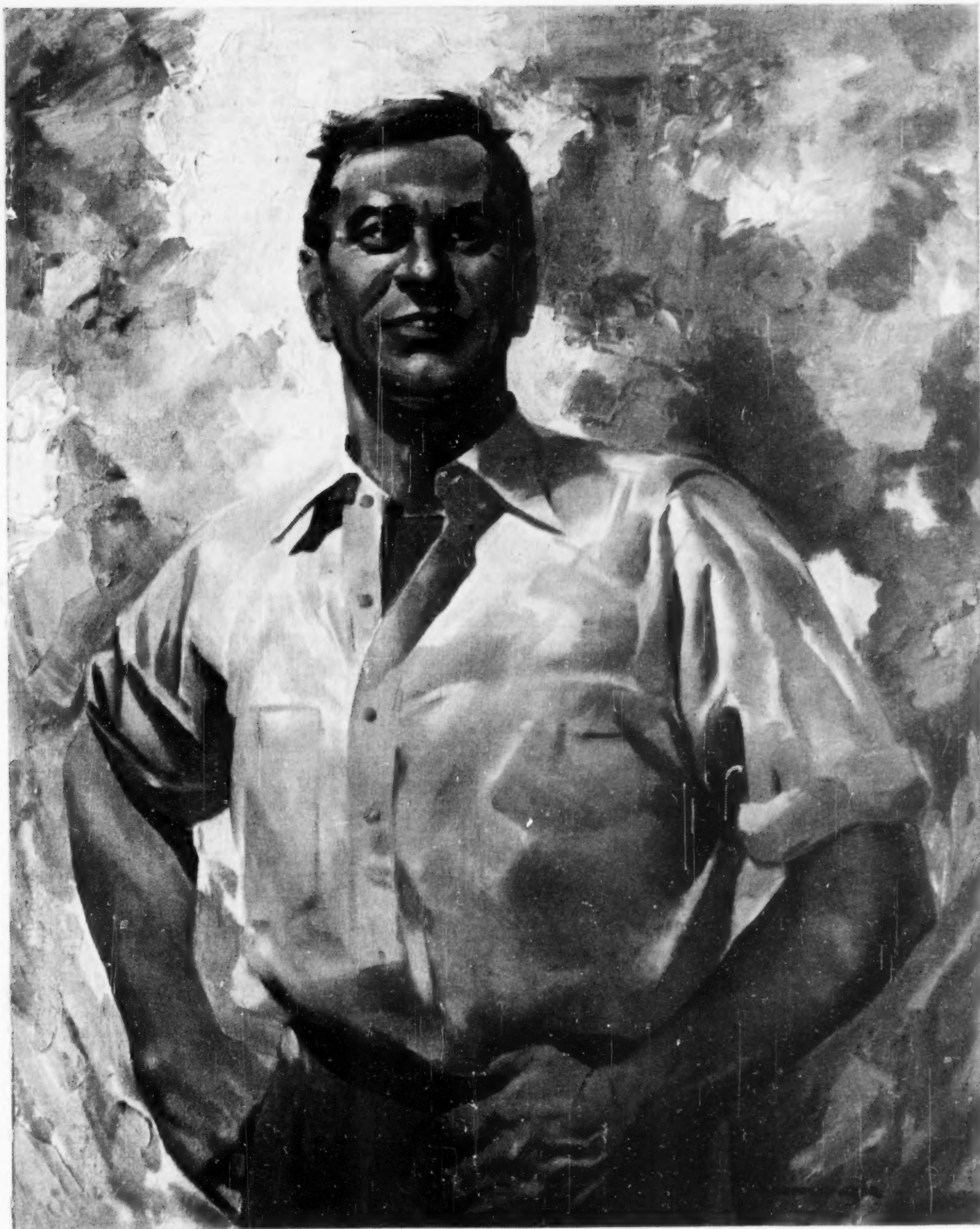


Canadian litterateur Sholto Watt's first published fiction piece suggests rightly that he's been everywhere, done everything, knows "most everyone." His brother, Robin, painted his portrait.

Published by The Canadian Bank of Commerce

because we liked it

(Geoffrey)



Geoffrey Grier, ARCA, says he painted Tug in characteristic blue because Watt's green shirt is just shore-going gear.

"TUG"

some sweltering summer day



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The Brave They Fought With Cannons

Continued from page 17

a glorious game of hide-and-seek. From friends and relatives Almighty Voice gathered supplies. A rifle here, ammunition there, food and winter clothing elsewhere.

He needed a squaw who could work and stand the trail. The ore he considered most suitable was already married, but that mattered little to Almighty Voice, or to the squaw. She was flattered that from all the Crees, Almighty Voice chose her.

Her husband, though, didn't feel the same way. He went to the Mounted Police at Duck Lake and informed them that Almighty Voice had appeared and of the probable route the wife-stealer would take. Sergeant Colebrook, who had previously arrested Almighty Voice, set out with Dumont, a Métis scout, on the Cree's trail.

Dumont was a good tracker and they were able to follow Almighty Voice's flight throughout the night. He was slowed down to some extent by his squaw. By pushing their horses Colebrook and Dumont were able to catch up with Almighty Voice at dawn the next morning before he had time to break camp.

The sergeant had Almighty Voice cold. All he had to do was to pull his revolver, but the tradition of the force does not call for the use of fire arms except in cases of absolute necessity. Colebrook started to walk his horse to where Almighty Voice stood beside his campfire, his squaw by his side.

"Almighty Voice!" Colebrook called from his horse. "In the name of the Queen, you are under arrest!"

The young Cree hesitated a moment, then threw up his rifle, covering Colebrook. Dumont, who had remained in the background, yelled a warning to the sergeant. He knew the temper of Almighty Voice and realized he would not surrender in sight of his squaw.

But Colebrook continued to advance, walking his horse slowly and at the same time throwing up his gauntleted hand in the gesture of peace. Almighty Voice yelled past him to Dumont in Cree.

"Tell the Scarlet Coat to stop or I'll shoot!"

Dumont translated the threat, but Colebrook had no choice but to advance. To have halted, or turned away, would have undone the example of years. Almighty Voice gave one more warning, then fired. The policeman was dead before his body fell from the saddle to the ground.

Dumont wheeled his horse and galloped away toward the Duck Lake detachment to tell them of Colebrook's death. He had gone only a few miles when he met Corporal Tennant, who was on prairie fire duty. The corporal rode to where Colebrook lay and awaited reinforcements. They came in a matter of hours and patrols spread out to seek Almighty Voice's trail.

But although they searched throughout the day, and the continuing days, there was not a trace of the Cree. Almighty Voice had vanished.

Rumors flooded in to the police headquarters: he had been seen near Great Slave Lake; he had been seen camping in Montana. The police investigated each rumor, but found nothing to them. Commissioner Herchmer was convinced Almighty Voice was close at hand where he could receive help from relatives and friends.

For, in spite of the fact that Al-

mighty Voice was wanted for murder, and in spite of his lively reputation with the squaws, the Indians were openly proud of him and the way he was evading the Scarlet Coats. They jeered at the police attempts to run him down and, when no reward was offered for his capture (although one had recently been offered for a cattle thief), they became scornful and boasted: "It doesn't matter if you kill a Scarlet Coat—they don't even offer a reward!"

The commissioner realized the importance of capturing Almighty Voice. The longer he flouted the law the more he served as an example to other impetuous young bucks. In fact, a young Blood Indian had already set out on his own private warpath. After killing a relative he led the Mounted Police on a merry chase, killing Sergeant White before he was finally trapped by his fellow Indians, who had become alarmed at his unpredictable

FELINE BEELINE

We bought ourselves a female cat.

Because a female doesn't stray;

We bought a female, knowing that

A tom's inclined to go away.

Perhaps you know what tom cats do

Those many nights on which they roam;

They go to visit people who

Possess a female stay-at-home!

—Richard Wheeler

behavior. They turned him over to the Mounties who promptly executed him.

Months rolled by and there was still no definite clue to Almighty Voice's whereabouts. The police had found that running down rumors was useless—in fact, the Indians were purposely inventing them to harass the Scarlet Coats. Patrols also proved useless so the police disguised themselves as traders and moved among the Indians.

Six months passed before a definite lead came up. The Cree had returned his squaw, now pregnant, to some relatives and, obtaining a new supply of ammunition as well as a new squaw, a maiden this time, promptly left for the hills again.

But the news of Almighty Voice's reappearance had come swiftly to the detachment at Duck Lake and a swift patrol trapped him in a five-hundred acre wood. The underbrush was heavy and the mounties sent their horses to a ranch a few miles away while they made ready for an organized search of the wood next day. In the meantime a patrol was thrown about the wood to make certain the quarry didn't escape. Yet, although it was a bright moonlight night, Almighty Voice and his squaw slipped through the cordon, snaked their way across the flat and stole the patrol's horses.

The humiliated Mounties moved quickly to pick up the trail. This was easy because of the horses Almighty Voice was running, yet they had to chase him more than sixty miles before the pursuit became so close that he abandoned the stolen mounts and took to his moccasins, concealing his trail so cleverly that once again the patrol was baffled.

This success moved Almighty Voice to even more spectacular exploits. He would deliberately appear and lead the police on a chase. Several times he approached the Montana border, over which lay safety, but each time his

bravado led him to turn north again. The excitement of outwitting the hated Scarlet Coats became an obsession and he continued to play this dangerous game, with death the penalty for losing.

There was one man in the employ of the Mounted Police who vowed he would run Almighty Voice down. This was a Métis scout named Napoleon Venne. He had been in love with a beautiful Cree maiden, but she had preferred the more dashing Almighty Voice. On May 27, 1897, twenty months after the killing of Sergeant Colebrook, Almighty Voice appeared in the Minnichinas Hills, only twenty miles from Duck Lake. Venne, learning of this and without waiting for a patrol, set out in pursuit and finally caught up with Almighty Voice and also with a bullet which almost finished him.

When the news of the wounding of Venne reached Duck Lake, Inspector J. B. Allan set out for the Minnichinas Hills with eleven men, determined to end the farce once and for all. Combing every patch of brush, searching every gully, they were finally rewarded by catching sight of three Indians, one of whom was Almighty Voice. As soon as they were spotted the Indians disappeared into a cove of poplars and willows. The wood covered only about three acres and it was a simple matter for Allan to deploy his men so that escape was impossible.

Then, with Sergeant Raven, Allan started into the wood to flush their quarry, while the patrol remained outside in case Almighty Voice and his two companions tried to flee.

Well aware that Almighty Voice was dangerous, Allan and Raven drew their revolvers and stepped into the deep shade of the copse. Cautiously they advanced, their eyes searching carefully for the concealed Indians. They had gone less than a dozen yards when there was a crackle of rifle fire and Raven fell with a bullet through his groin and Allan was knocked off his feet with a bullet through his shoulder.

Corporals Hockin and Hume heard the rifle fire, crawled forward and dragged Raven out of the wood to safety and then crept back to look for Allan.

The inspector had been spun around when he was hit and he dragged himself deeper into the long grass and tangled brush. Suddenly a rifle barrel appeared over a fallen tree trunk and he froze to the ground. A voice spoke to him in Cree:

"Scarlet Coat. Give me your ammunition belt or I will shoot!" It was Almighty Voice.

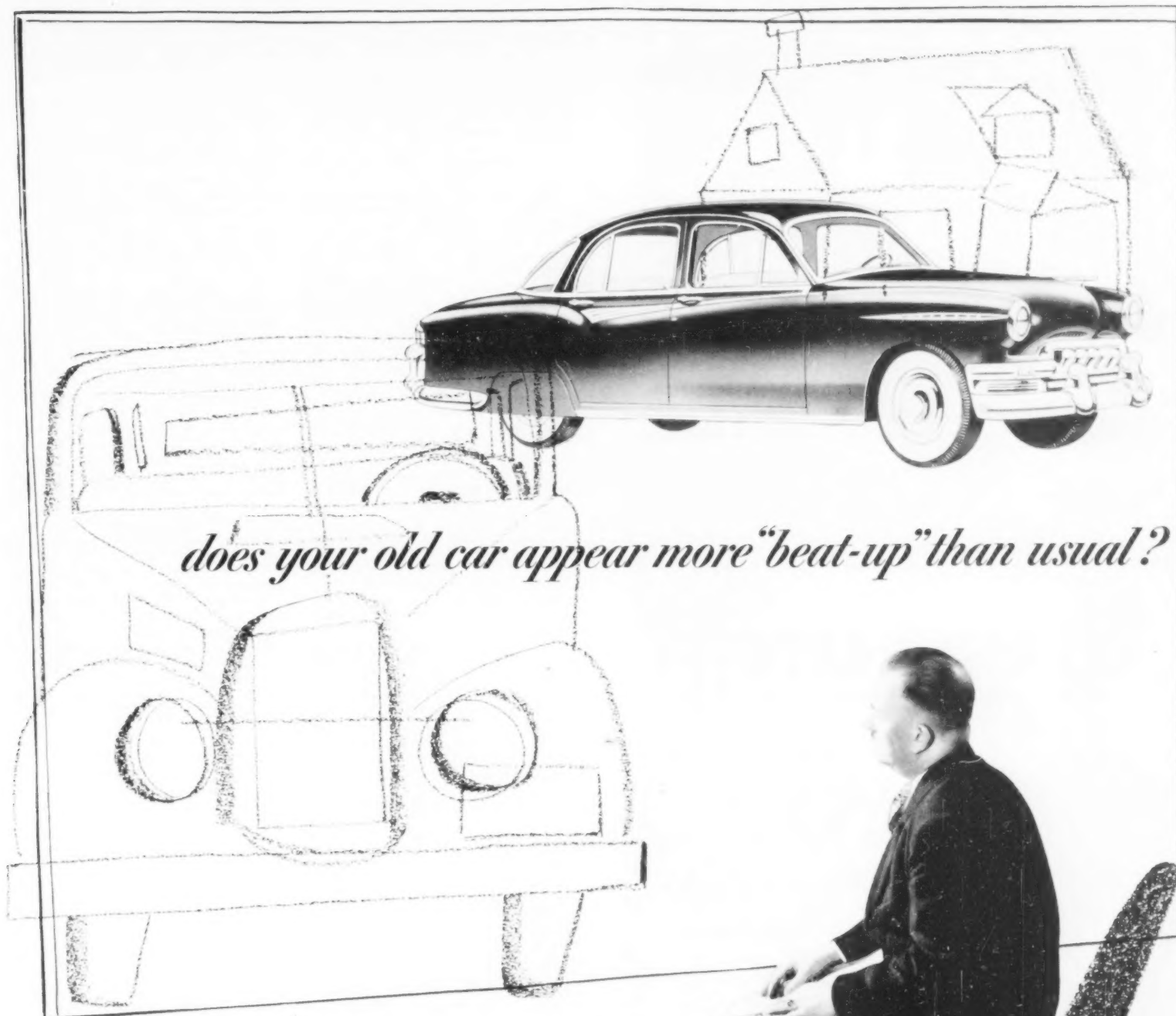
Into the Grove of Death

Allan heard Almighty Voice threaten once more and then he looked down the barrel of the Indian's rifle. As he muttered a hurried prayer he heard the crack of a rifle and a bullet sang over his head and buried itself into the log behind which Almighty Voice was concealed. The Indian snaked back deeper into the grove and a minute later Hume, who had fired the shot, appeared and helped Allan to safety.

With Allan and Raven out of commission, Hume and Hockin took command of the eight constables. A man named Grundy, who was postmaster at Duck Lake, had heard the rifle fire, investigated, and remained to help the Mounties patrol the wood.

Knowing that to attempt to enter the dense patch of poplars and willows, would be suicidal, Hume decided to set fire to the wood to drive the Indians out. But the underbrush and the long grass proved too green to even start the slightest of fires. The afternoon

Continued on page 36



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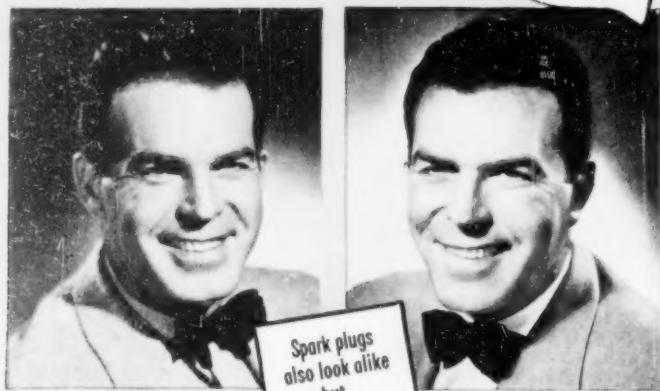
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OX-BLOOD, BLACK AND ALL SHADES OF BROWN

Did you NUGGET your shoes this morning?

SM-51

Continued from page 34

sun crept toward the horizon with the Indians still in charge of the situation.

Night was only two hours away and Hume was afraid Almighty Voice would escape in the dark, as he had done before. Reluctantly, but bravely, he ordered the entire patrol, with the exception of two constables, who were to watch from the outside, into the wood. Grundy, the postmaster, volunteered to join them.

The grove was oval shape, only about two hundred yards wide and about half a mile long. Spreading the men out, Hume and Hockin started into the copse, expecting death from every tree trunk. Slowly they walked through the wood as though they were hunting cottontails, their eyes sweeping every bit of cover. In half an hour they emerged at the far end of the grove without sighting any of the Indians and without a single shot being fired.

"They must still be in there. Let's try again," Hume said. Once more the Mounties started through the wood, this time even more alert. Suddenly Constable Kerr caught sight of a glinting rifle barrel as a streak of sunlight filtered through the leaves. He called to the constable on his left and pointed to where an Indian had dug himself a rifle pit in the roots of a massive willow. Just as the other constable arrived at his side there was the crack of a rifle and Kerr fell with a bullet through his heart. The other constable saw the flash and fired and the Indian's death laugh echoed through the wood.

Once again the patrol came through the grove. Kerr had been killed and so had one of the Indians, but it wasn't Almighty Voice. Hume glanced at the sun. It was almost down to the horizon, but there was time enough to go through the wood again. It was now more imperative than ever that Almighty Voice should not escape.

Tragic Day for the Troopers

The corporal led his men into the darkening shadows. Their bright-red tunics were no longer such obvious targets. They were in the middle of the copse when a rifle cracked and Corporal Hockin fell with a bullet through his brain. Grundy, the postmaster, ran to his aid and another bullet cut him down.

The firing became general. A constable caught sight of an Indian flitting between trees, threw a hurried shot, and was rewarded by hearing him grunt, but the Indian disappeared. Carrying the bodies of Hockin and Grundy the patrol pushed on through the wood. They had almost reached the clear when another shot rang out and Constable O'Kelly was wounded. Then it was dusk.

It had been a tragically expensive afternoon for the Northwest Mounted Police. Inspector Allan, Sergeant Raven and Constable O'Kelly were wounded: Corporal Hockin, Constable Kerr and Postmaster Grundy were dead. On the balance side was one dead Indian and one possibly wounded.

Corporal Hume threw his remaining men around the wood to form a loose holding patrol and, just as night fell, Superintendent Gagnon appeared with eight fresh men. At ten o'clock Assistant Commissioner McIlree came up with still more men and the wood was sealed off. The whole available strength of the force had been brought up to await the dawn.

Brave tales are told of men who fight to the bitter end in causes they believe noble. Death on some forlorn field is the stuff of which poets make much ado. Almighty Voice, called murderer

by the whites, was simply following his dream of warrior glory. A score of years before his name would have been linked with those of the great Indian warriors—now he was an outcast to be exterminated.

The small wood was entirely surrounded by the Mounted Police. Hundreds of settlers, ranchers and cowboys, learning that Almighty Voice was trapped at last, came to see the finale. They gathered on the surrounding hills to watch the ensuing action as though it was a stage play. From the reservations came the Indians, brave, squaw and papoose, to stand on the hills and watch the final stand of Almighty Voice.

Soon after dawn the crowd was electrified to see a cloud of dust, and two cannon roll up—a seven-pounder and a nine-pounder hurriedly brought to the scene of action. Grimly the Mounties set the guns against the two young Indian braves.

With the Scarlet Coats encircling the copse like a blood-red line, the cannon ready to be fired, and the crowd on the hills watching, Assistant Commissioner McIlree rode forward toward the wood and, through an interpreter, called upon Almighty Voice to surrender. Twice, three times the demand was made, and finally an Indian was observed hobbling on the edge of the wood. It was Almighty Voice, who had been wounded in the leg. He answered in Cree:

"Brothers! We have both fought like men. But now I am wounded, starving and almost out of ammunition. Send me food and bullets and let me rest a while. Then, like warriors, we will fight to the end."

There was no answer to this appeal, and Almighty Voice went back into the wood.

The guns opened fire. Then, in the deadly silence which followed the opening roar of the cannon, a thin treble voice was heard. Every head turned toward the sound and there, seated on a knoll above all the crowd, was the mother of Almighty Voice. She sang the Cree Death Song to her son, told of his exploits and praised his skill and courage. She urged him, now that death was upon him, to die unflinchingly like the Cree brave he was.

The guns roared again and then the Mounties plunged into the smoke that lay heavily in the copse. In a single rifle pit, concealed in the roots of a tree, they found Almighty Voice and his companion, Little Salteau, killed by the same exploding shell.

Almighty Voice's leg had been broken by the constable's bullet on the previous day. He had roughly bandaged it with leaves and tied them with the lanyard he had taken from Kerr's dead body. All about the Indians the willows had been stripped of their bark, which Almighty Voice and Little Salteau had sucked to relieve their thirst.

The long chase was at last over, the private warpath of Almighty Voice had ended at the precipice of death. But he had achieved the glory that his savage heart demanded. Long after he died in that shell-bruised wood the soft brown eyes of Indian maids glistened at the mention of his name and long his saga has been told around the campfires of the Crees. ★

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It Really Doesn't Hurt

Continued from page 21

the treatment without a local anaesthetic; all said they preferred it to the drill with an anaesthetic. Singer uses the Airdent extensively for cleaning teeth—a job for which it is well suited because the abrasive powder reaches into grooves and crevices which are almost impossible to get at with a brush or buff.

He became interested in the Airdent technique when he read about it in dental journals more than a year ago. Then last summer the Kellogg Foundation Institute at Ann Arbor, which is sponsored by the W. K. Kellogg Company (breakfast foods), announced that it was starting a post-graduate course in the use of the new machine. Singer was among the first to enroll; he took the course in January and got his machine in March.

"The abrasive technique will probably be to dentistry what the wonder drugs are to medicine," he says. "It won't do everything, but it will make cavity preparation a lot easier for both patient and dentist."

Several leading U. S. dental authorities who have studied the technique are similarly enthusiastic, although many dentists in Canada and the U. S. see the machine merely as another expensive piece of equipment they will have to buy to please their clients.

In an early report on the machine Dr. William R. Mann, assistant director of the Kellogg Institute, said that tests on dozens of patients had revealed that the only sensation any of them felt from treatment by the Airdent was "a slight tickle" and "none has believed that a local anaesthetic was desirable." This meant that dentists would benefit "by working on patients who are not nearly so apprehensive as many are now" and by being freed from the concern "over the possibility of a bur jumping or a patient moving while an instrument (drill) is revolving in the mouth."

Dr. John M. Spence of the University of Illinois was quoted after the machine had its official debut before one thousand dentists at the Greater Chicago dentists' convention last January: "Patients will insist we use the new technique because it does not subject them to pain." And Dr. Warren Williams of Loyola University said: "We can prepare cavities which would not have been possible to prepare without a local anaesthetic."

The man who gave the Airdent to dentistry was Michigan-born Dr. Robert B. Black, a graduate of Albion College and Northwestern University School of Dentistry who started up a practice in Corpus Christi, Texas, seventeen years ago when he was twenty-five. Black developed almost as great a horror of drilling teeth as his patients who underwent the ordeal, and he resolved to eliminate the drill.

In his research he investigated every known commercial method of cutting hard surfaces and discarded them one by one—except sand-blasting, which is used for cutting letters and figures in granite. In 1942 he rigged up a crude blasting outfit and began working on teeth he'd removed from his patients.

After a year of tests and changes both in the machinery and the cutting agents he enlisted volunteers and gingerly tried the equipment on live teeth. There were no howls of anguish from the volunteers, but the technique was slow and expensive because nozzles had to be individually cast and were worn out by the abrasive powders in less than a minute's use. He didn't have a vacuum apparatus and the grit had to be washed out of his patients' mouth and teeth.

Nevertheless, he eventually gained a reputation in his district as the dentist who fixed teeth a different way.

In 1945 Black decided he'd gone as far as he could go alone and made a contract with the S. S. White Dental Manufacturing Company of Philadelphia to do research on the machine. The company solved the problem of worn-out nozzles with an alloy that resists abrasive action for as long as six months and developed the present compact unit that fits neatly into a dentist's office. Then in 1948 the Airdent was introduced to the dental profession through the University of Michigan Dental School. Since then, testing of the machine and instruction on its use have been directed by the Kellogg Foundation Institute which is connected with the university.

Dentists are buying the machine almost as fast as they can complete the six-day courses required by the S. S. White Company before they can get an Airdent and as fast as new models can be produced. Diversion of aluminum supplies into war goods is slowing production of the new equipment—one of the reasons the Airdent may not be in general use in Canada for some time.

But it looks as though sooner or later some relief is in store for most of us drill-jumpy people. ★

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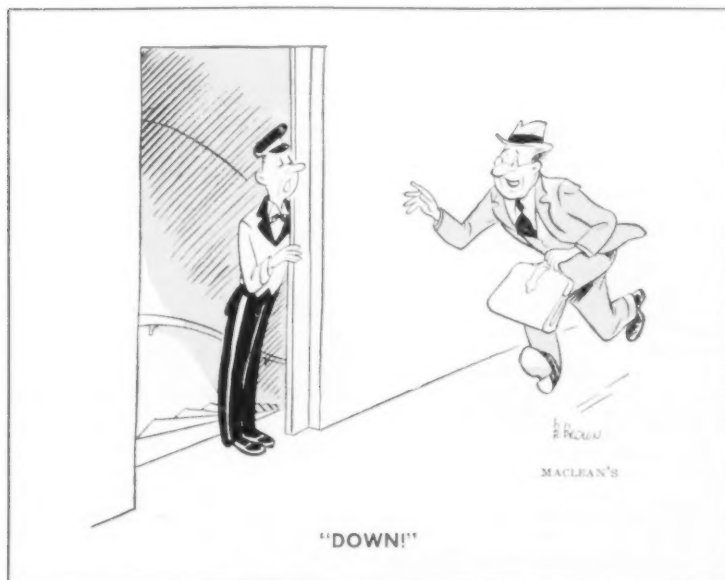
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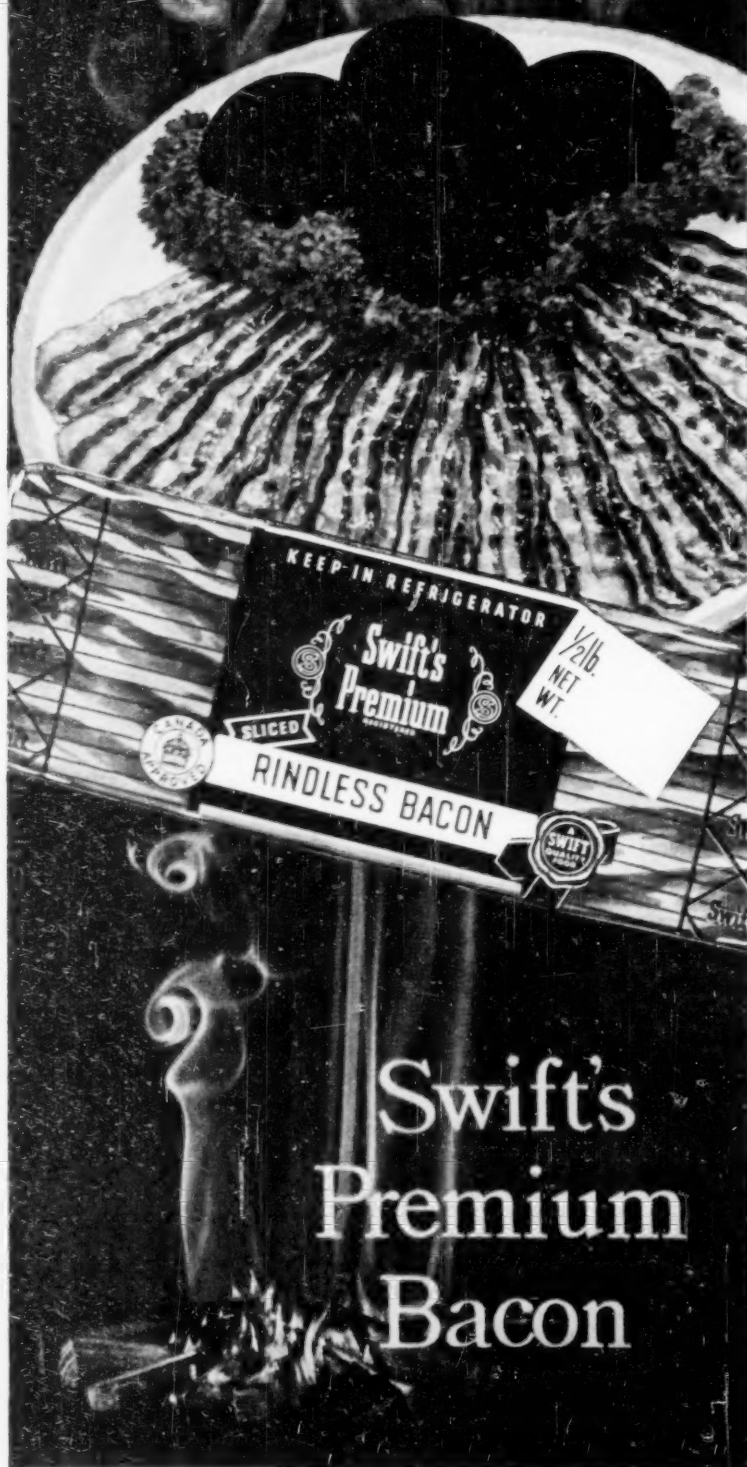
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Hit Tune for Two Hearts

Continued from page 23

"I know the type." And then Harry, who was a character with the interesting talent for absorbing secret intelligence, had come up with this: He was of a royal family of knitting-mill owners from some small-size town up state and he appeared to be, of all things, a songwriter.

"What did I tell you?" Tommy said profoundly. "He's slumming."

They had voted against him and the veto was entirely just. Then why—Molly sat bolt upright on beat with a crashing minor chord from Joel's room—then why had she suddenly blurted out: "You're wrong, all of you. He's not a snob. He's just unhappy."

They had called her tenderhearted. They reminded her how she worried about stray cats and dogs. They warned her that she was a nice girl, brought up so gently that she could not spot a phony at six paces with her eyes on opera glasses to boot. They told her, speaking with the best intentions, to let well enough alone.

Molly gathered up her dinner dishes from the coffee table and did not give Joel Bannister another thought. She took her apron from behind the door and put the young man out of her mind. Taking up her tray Molly went into the community kitchen and there he came not only into her mind but into vision.

There was the white triangle that was his back encased in his linen shirt, his navy trousers, flawless in cut and miserably pressed, his pure silk socks with a hole in the heel, his real leather slippers originally intended to wear like iron. He was bending over the table, intent on what he was doing and when Molly's dishes clicked precariously on the tilting tray he made no sign he heard. Only when she slid past him toward the sink did Molly see what so engrossed him.

For heaven's sake he was trying to open a can of soup with a jackknife!

For wordless minutes Molly washed and rewashed her dishes, listening to Joel grunt over his labors. She turned the tap on hard, but this neither drew his attention nor shut out his mutterings, and just when the splashing and gruntings and clattering of dishes had reached the point where it was idiotic Joel Bannister uttered the first word heard by any tenant.

He said, "Nuts!"

Molly dropped her silver, shook the water from her hands, and without stopping to dry them rushed to her room. She came back to the kitchen with a can opener.

"Oh." He looked surprised, guilty, and offended by the can opener, the soup and Molly.

"Incidentally," Molly said, swinging open the refrigerator door, "is this your milk?"

"It is." He stood stiffly as if his reflexes were out of order.

"Then you'd better put your name on it," Molly smiled. "Furthermore—" she pointed to stacks of wire baskets inside the icebox each locked with a padlock. "The empty basket is yours, you know. Everyone has his own basket. Get your padlock from the housekeeper."

His voice said: "Thank you, I'm sure," but his manner said quite clearly, "Stop bullying me like a sergeant. I'm no private."

He was not much handier with a can opener than with a knife. She could tell that he knew it and that he didn't like the idea that she knew it too. It was clear that a kitchen was a conundrum to him and her eye fell on the stove.

Molly burst out laughing. "Good heavens, you aren't going to heat that soup in a coffee pot, are you?"

It was precisely as if she had punched him in the nose. His hands made fists. He looked defeated and ready to explode and presently he did.

"Look, honey," Joel said savagely. "Supposin' you go your way and I'll go mine?"

Her way was the way of gathering her dishes, arrogant to her toes, of exiting gracefully as a ballerina, of passing by him, not seeing him, exactly as if he weren't even there.

OH MY, he was mad all right. Molly picked up her copy and began to read but the print piled up on the page. She went down to Rhoda's room, remembering then that Rhoda had gone up to the boarding school to see her children. There was a light under Tommy's door, but he was studying for his new law exam. Harry was out. Back in her room Molly brushed her ink-black hair a hundred strokes, wrote a letter to her parents telling them how much she liked her independence, and thought: He's mad, but is he really mad at me? She put on her housecoat and took up a magazine and presently she acknowledged that she was doing absolutely nothing but listening for the sound of Joel's piano.

It came. One, two, three, soft notes, sweet notes, sad notes.

"Now, Molly, now Molly," Molly advised herself aloud. Then with all her movements quick and purposeful she took off her housecoat, put on slacks and a yellow shirt, made a new red mouth and went into the kitchen to make a pot of coffee. When it was done she knocked on Joel's door.

"Yes?"

"I've made some coffee," Molly said so meekly it was almost a shame. "Would you like some too?"

He was so astonished that his mouth moved soundlessly and wooden as a marionette's. When he had conquered that paralysis he said, with terrible urgent politeness, "Why yes, I would."

"Your room or mine?"

He cast a hasty glance over his shoulder at his room.

"Oh, it's all right," Molly said. "I mean morally it's all right for me to come into your room—I mean, in rooming houses, it's done."

"Oh," Joel said and flung wide his door. Balancing the coffee tray Molly stepped into the litter of music paper, empty coffee cartons, overflowing ashtrays and the scarred upright piano that was Joel's room. Joel began to race around gathering papers from the floor, shoving books off the studio bed, hiding crusts of sandwiches, his face growing pinker and more perplexed by the minute. Finally, hardly satisfied, but finished, he stood before Molly waiting, like a diligent puppy for his reward.

She gave him her nicest smile although the room was exactly the way it had been before—a mess. In her nicest voice she said "One lump or two?"

He sat down hard. "Two."

She made a party of it. She had brought her prettiest napkins and her two little sterling silver spoons, and she fell back on her experience at presiding at college teas. She brought out her wittiest dialogue and her most astute opinions and it was horrible. Not once did Joel pick up a cue. Clearly this was not a situation in which he found himself at home. He was watching her in a brooding way as if she were not quite bright in the head and just as she was about to agree with him he put down his cup.

"Look. I was rude to you in the

kitchen. I've been under a strain. I'm sorry."

"You work too hard," Molly said. "I have to. I have to make it in a year, and eight months are gone."

"Make what?"

"Success, fame, The world," Joel said and everything was as right as rice at a wedding. The taciturn Joel Bannister began to talk. He talked in a quick breathless voice as if there was not enough time for anything. He told her about writing the music and the lyrics for his Varsity show, and about his father's little knitting mill which needed him so urgently, and his father's struggle to keep the mill afloat against powerful competition, and finally about his father's agreement to stake him—at an absolutely minimum allowance—for a year.

Molly sat with her feet tucked under her, feeling inanimate as a doorknob and liking the feeling. She listened, thinking of how confidently her own parents had launched her into the world demanding no tribute other than that she make her life as she saw fit, thinking what a shame about Joel and then thinking that it was not a shame at all, but wonderful for now he was talking about his songs.

He talked like a man in love with songs, thinking of them as an idiom of our day—pop tunes, the tunes of the people. He came and sat beside her, not stand-offish at all, but excited. She saw how young he was, how really young in the way men are and women aren't. She held in her hands a copy of a song, all the notes beautifully shaped and spaced on the heavy music paper.

"Did you do this manuscript yourself, Joel?"

He told her he had. "Then you must be an artist, too," Molly said.

"It's a knack I have." He brushed it aside and went to the piano. "Listen, do you like this?" He played the sweet notes, the sad notes and he sang the lyrics in a perfectly terrible tuneless voice. And then when he finished something happened. He lifted his hands from the keys and said in disgust: "Ballads!" Something had happened. He didn't look young any more, only angry and not at her, but at whatever it was that made him so mad. "I knock myself out writing ballads, and novelties is what they want," he said, glaring at the floor, and Molly knew the visit was over.

Oh, he saw her to the door with all the good manners one reserves for chaperons and the infirm. There he hesitated and the look he gave her was the look of a man who stumbles on an orchid in a patch of weeds.

"You know," he said humbly. "You know you're the first person who's actually spoken to me in this crummy joint?"

She did not, as she had every right to do, suggest that it was his fault. She excused him. He didn't know the ways of furnished rooms. She had the picture. He was the only son of the small manufacturer. He had been reared to build on his father's foundations, to pump youth and vigor into the little factory and make its products a household name. From the moment his birth had been inscribed in the family Bible his destiny had been like that of so many sons, to realize the unfulfilled dreams of his sire.

But he had wriggled in the itch of talent and rebelled against his bourgeois environment. He had exchanged solid home comfort for poverty in his determination to express his ego in music. He had never been rich—but now Joel had stumbled on the shocking truth that he did not know how to be poor.

BECAUSE she was the kind of girl she was Molly Meade lay awake into the early hours. "I'll teach him how," Molly thought. "Tomorrow I'll begin."

Nothing happened. Rhoda came to her room. Tommy tapped on her door. Harry came with the thick pastrami sandwiches, but Joel, ascetic as a monk, locked himself in his room with his piano, and Molly concluded bleakly: Maybe everyone is right. Maybe he's just a glamour-hound.

Then on Saturday while she was at work he called and left something of

himself. A rose was taped to her door and with it a jubilant note: "The eagle screamed today. How about dinner?"

They went by bus. That was Molly's doing. With her mind firmly made up to consider his budget Molly listened to him rattle off the names of the flossier restaurants as intimately as if they were his personal friends. She would have given her eyeteeth to eat in one with him simply to watch his way with waiters, but giving herself an A for being so angelic she suggested a cafeteria that had opened recently in a blaze of steam and neon.

"They have the most heavenly cheesecake in town," Molly said.

"Oh, well, if you'd rather," Joel said with magnificent indifference that was a pitiful mask for his relief.

She could tell by the way he blundered with the trays and forgot the napkins and didn't know where to go for water that he was used to service and she was amused. He dogged her footsteps and ordered exactly what she did to eat. He sat very straight in his chair watching her as if he were a slum-boy who had never learned the forks.

"Look," he said finally. "You go

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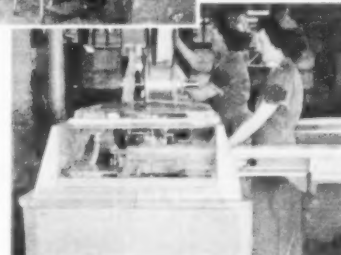
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for this?" He waved his hand. "I mean living like you do—rooms and cafeterias?"

He was so earnest it made her laugh. "Why not?"

"Don't you ever think of—oh, minks and fifty dollar shoes, and vacations in Bermuda? I thought all women wanted things like that?"

"I'd adore them, every one," Molly ate a pickle with pleasure. "What am I supposed to do? Cry my eyes out because I haven't got them?"

He toyed with his meat loaf and baked potato. "No," he said. "I see that." He put down his knife and fork. "I want them," he said saying it in such a way that he dared her to refute him.

"All right," Molly smiled.

"There is," he said slowly and distinctly, "nothing wrong with wanting a lot of money the quicker the better."

"Of course not," Molly agreed. She picked up a roll and then it dawned on her that he wanted her to disapprove.

"Listen," Molly said quickly, "speaking of money, why don't you send a song in to that new radio show—Song Search? You know, the Gus Warren Show."

He guffawed. "Oh, come now!"

Distinctly she had not made a joke. "What's the matter with the Gus Warren Show?"

"That," Joel said arching an eyebrow elaborately, "is for the homefolks, the tyros. Listen, did a single song that won a weekly prize ever make the Hit Parade?"

"Yes!"

"Well, that was sheer stupid luck. Why the whole show's just a lot of malarky."

"If we're not quarreling," Molly said above the cafeteria clatter, "then why are we yelling?"

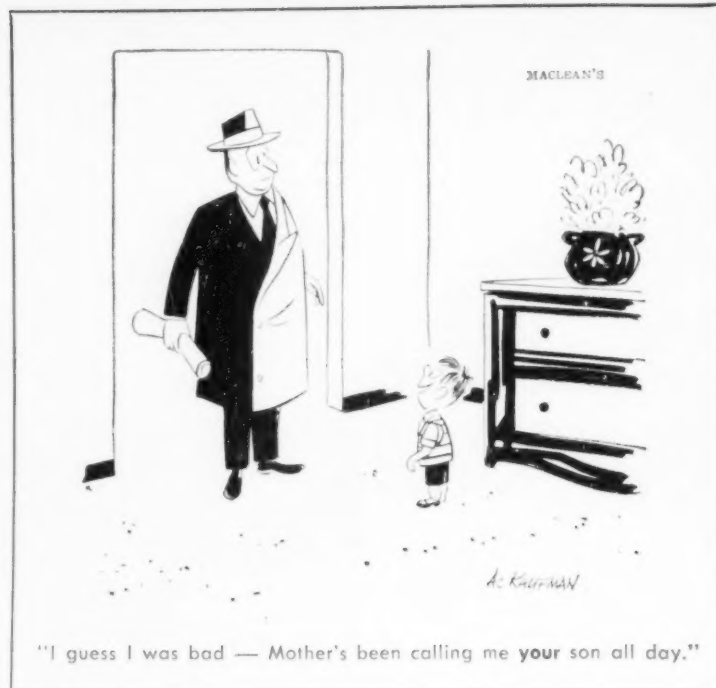
Subdued and a little astonished at themselves they filed past the cashier where Joel paid the check. Outside he gulped the city air. "Of course we're not quarreling," he said. "But let's have no more silly chatter about the Gus Warren show."

It went like that. They saw a cheap movie because Molly insisted it was one she wanted to see and they argued after about the plot. Walking neatly in step with one another they discovered they mutually admired Dixieland jazz. F. Scott Fitzgerald, hamburgers with onions and Valli. Then they fell, somehow, into a pointless little argument about women with careers. Rather, Joel argued and Molly, forced finally to defend herself, argued too. For some blocks they did not speak a word. It was not funny. She had wanted it to be perfect and then for a moment outside her door it was perfect.

Quite solemnly he bent and kissed her nose. He leaned back, and squinting to see in the dim-lit hall, he considered her as if she were a work of art.

"Molly," he said smiling. "You're like a bee, all industry and purpose. It wasn't much fun for you, Molly. You didn't have much of a time. But I enjoyed it. Thank you, Molly. I really did enjoy it."

He was moody and argumentative and of course she loved him. She knew also that he wanted to love her. She knew it without smugness or vanity, but in the objective way she understood that her hair was beautiful and that she made excellent blueberry cake. But there must be room inside one for love, and Joel packed tight to the top with his ambition had no room for her. She wanted to rectify this as soon as possible. She wanted to do something magnificent and healing and miraculous for him so one day after work she went to the library and looked up the



issue of a radio magazine that featured an article on the Gus Warren show.

GUS WARREN was a pixie-faced old man with kind lively eyes, and he had money he could well burn in bonfires on his Long Island estate. He was the writer of *Lazy April* and *Slowpoke* and *Hippity-Hoppity Heart* and fifty other hits and he was a Double A member of ASCAP for life. He had thought up the *Song Search* Show, ran it himself, not for the money in it, but because he was crazy about songs and he wanted to give some of the untried and struggling talent a break. Each week he picked a winning song, and the song was published by Gus Warren's firm and given, even, some exploitation.

Molly closed the magazine slowly, carefully, boxed it with her hands and counted the windows in the periodical room mechanically while her mind tugged at the thought: It was not a phony show. Not phony because Gus Warren was not a phony man. Joel was wrong. He was wrong and suddenly she knew exactly why he was wrong so arrogantly and with such conviction. Eight months of his year of grace were gone and his confidence was slipping. He was afraid to submit a song to the Gus Warren show—afraid simply that he wouldn't win. Molly picked up her gloves and walked straight down the library steps and home and then into Joel's room.

With a perfectly straight face she said, "Joel, would it be too much trouble or take too much of your time to make me a copy of your song—that one I like so much?"

"The one called *Too Bad*?"

"It's like this," Molly lied beautifully. "Mother plays, and I've told them about you. So—"

She bent over his shoulder watching how expertly he handled the drawing pen. In twenty minutes the blank music paper had been filled with Joel's clean precise notes and the lyrics printed in as neatly as a professional copyist could do. She felt like a traitor. She stood there smiling up at him and thanking him, saying "Mother will be so pleased," and in the next moment she scuttled back to her room, addressed the envelope to the *Song Search* Show and tripped down the stairs to mail it.

IT WAS something to wait a week. It was a week that was a cycle of minor disagreements with her editor, of not getting her laundry back on time, of seeing Joel only once. On the night the show would be broadcast she put a *Do Not Disturb* sign on her door, turned on her radio and prepared herself to applaud. She had lived the moment a thousand times: How she would go to Joel bearing the good news like a courtier bearing gifts; how surprised he would be; and then in this order—how grateful, how amazed at her ingenuity and perception, and how voluble about how much he loved her.

Sitting forward like a rooster at a ball game Molly began to tremble with impatience. Critically she listened to the songs, frowned over the way the girl singer used a cornball interpretation when she really should have sung it straight. She stood up when the trumpet fanfare announced the winner of the week. After a long enduring minute she bent, turned off the radio and looked around her room. Because Joel's song had not won the prize her room seemed suddenly a bleak and utterly unlovely place.

Not until morning did Molly begin to fret over what she had done. She looked long and hard at her reflection in the mirror thinking that it would never do. It was touchy business, interfering with other people's lives, and this she had done—Oh, no use making excuses! She could not bear to think what Joel would say if he found out and then she forced herself to think of it. She wondered how when she saw him she would be able to conceal her guilt. Two days later she had convinced herself her fears were groundless. By Saturday she had succeeded in pushing her anxiety nicely back into a recess of her mind she rarely investigated. Because she had done this so successfully she was so very pitifully unprepared.

He stood before her with his hat shoved back on his head and his coat swinging open, swaying a little with what she could only interpret as grimness.

"It was you!" Joel accused. "You sent it!" His finger beat an incessant tattoo against the paper in his hand. "A fine thing to do," he said clicking his teeth. "A nice snide trick to pull

Continued on page 42

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You may not approve of the age-old Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

Perhaps you have heard—and believed—that this is "un-Scriptural"...that Catholics are trying to establish Mary as a divine person equal in power to God.

But if you will look at the facts, you will see that these things are not true...and you will realize that Mary can exert a wonderful influence in your personal life.

It certainly is not "un-Scriptural" to recognize that Mary is the Mother of Jesus Christ. If we are to be truly "Scriptural," we must further acknowledge that Christ is the eternal Son of the eternal Father—a Divine Person who assumed a human nature like ours in all things except sin. And while Mary did not give Jesus His divine nature, the Savior was her Son...as truly as anyone is the son of his own mother.

In view of these truths, how can anyone look upon Mary as just another woman, or just another mother? Why should we hesitate to honor one whom God so greatly honored...and upon whom He conferred a surpassing holiness and complete freedom from sin? Why should we believe that one so close to the Son of God in his earthly life is not close and dear to Him in His eternal Kingdom?

It is erroneous, of course, to think that Catholics worship Mary as a divine person. But we do love and venerate her for the unique place she occupies in God's plan for our salvation...for her intimate association with the all-holy Son of God...and for her own holiness.

But, you may say—why should we pray to Mary when we can pray directly to God, as the Scriptures command? The answer is that Catholics do pray to God and they seek from him grace and forgiveness—for these are blessings

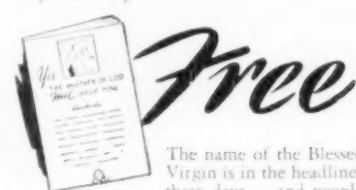


which only God can grant. But there is no law of God which commands us...when we go to Him in prayer...that we must go alone.

Like St. Paul, we believe in praying for others and having others pray for us. And whose prayers could find greater favor in the sight of God than those of the Mother of His Divine Son?

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Continued from page 40
behind my back," he said advancing on her. Slowly, because it took so long for her to put together his scowling brows, then his yipe for joy, his bursting smile, slowly Molly saw that he was happy.

He was unreasonably, ridiculously happy. She stood perfectly still in the middle of her room with her hands knotted at her chest foolishly like an old woman made suddenly Queen of the May while Joel swung around her. He sent his hat kiting through the air and then he pulled her to sit beside him and put his arm around her waist.

He called her "Girl." Specifically he said "Wonder girl." He praised her further. "You might say you're responsible for my success. You might say—" "Well, heavens!" Molly said. "Then let me read!"

The letter trembled in his fingers so that she had to hold his hands to make them still, and she read what Gus Warren had to say:

"I was impressed by your manuscript and I have a proposition I would like to talk over with you. If you are interested perhaps we can work something out. I am in my office Saturday between eleven and three."

They sighed, simultaneously, sighed in such unison that the understanding that came with it was as good as if they had kissed. Once more they read the letter, slowly, laboriously as if they were translating it from Latin. Finally Joel said, in a shaky voice, "Dumb, isn't it?"

They did not dare to speculate, but they did, naturally. They suspected that Gus Warren would give Joel a contract. They agreed that it was too silly not to see that the man would probably sign Joel up for life and from there it was only a step to—

"A hit, a dozen hits, fame, riches and the world," Joel said.

She straightened his tie, and brushed his coat, and advised him to take a cab. When he left he kissed her, fully and convincingly, but he made no promise to her yet except with his eyes.

When he was gone, unaccountably Molly sat down in the middle of the floor and bawled.

SHE WAITED calmly, so calmly that it was not like waiting at all. She filled in her time with a dozen small tasks she ordinarily found a chore to do. There was an almost sinful pleasure in sewing a button on a blouse, in polishing her tall-heeled shoes, buffing them far beyond the point it took to get a gloss. It was important that she be all fresh and slick and polished for him when he returned.

When the dinner hour came she read her clock. It ticked back at her fretfully, the works going like crazy inside its white enameled box. She made up a scene about Joel and Gus Warren having dinner, for she understood that the glittering business of Tin Pan Alley was best transacted at Lindy's. She ate her solitary meal, celebrating with a glass of wine. With the wine glass cupped in her hand she looked out the windows at the lights of the city kneeling at her feet. It was a rough place, and things were hard to come by here, but it could be done. After a really minimum struggle things had come to Joel. He was an ordinary boy from the small town out to burn up the city and he had done it. She took a step and the wine sloshed in the glass while she thought: Too easily. It was too perfect. Too pat.

She sat down with her hands on her knees like a schoolboy and scolded herself: Now honestly. Who are you, Molly Meade, to set up standards and philosophize? Who are you to say what is right for people and what is wrong.

But the thought stuck, not to be dodged no matter how she shook her head. Suppose winning her love had been too easy for him too? Suppose—

She went into the bathroom and brushed her teeth hard with salty toothpaste. When she came back her clock was ticking madly and the time it told leaped out at her like a shock.

Good heavens, he had stood her up. He had stepped off alone into the world where silver dollars grew on trees, where sun tans were a mark of winters in Florida and not indoor sunlamps in a Turkish bath. It was so very prettily ironic that the door had been opened to him through her engineering. Now safely launched he had no room for Molly Meade.

In her starched white blouse, her flawless hose, her sickeningly shiny shoes she waited because even though everything was over she did not know what else to do. The clock, worn out from warning, folded its hands at midnight in a tired way. Molly's eyelids drooped.

A MOUSE scuffled in the hall. She sat awake, all her muscles functioning at once. There were no mice. It must be someone tapping, gently, with consideration for those who slept. She opened the door and moved to stand toe to toe with Joel in the doorway.

"I've been walking," he said and slouched against the door bone tired from it. "I thought and thought how to tell you." He laughed, softly, but not nicely at all. "Well, do you want to hear?" He pulled the folded manuscript of his song from his pocket and wadded it in his fist. "Do you want to hear the great big proposition? You want to laugh?"

Molly said "Oh, please—"

"He wanted me. He had something for me all right, but not what you think. This," Joel said smoothing out the song. "This impressed him—the way I copied music. Not the song, dear girl, but the way I wrote it down. He liked my pretty notes. He offered me, now get this, a job on his show—making copies of the songs for the singers to use, running errands, boy-of-all-work and forty bucks a week."

Quickly she marshalled her forces, dragged up enthusiasm, hugged his coat lapels. "But how wonderful! Think. A chance to work with Gus Warren, to learn from him. Why, a hundred thousand men would give their right arms for the chance. A hundred thou—"

He was standing straighter—pushing the manuscript down in his pocket.

"I knew you'd say that. It gave me the nerve to come back. I took the job," he said. And then carefully, diplomatically so that he would not seem to brag he told her this: "He saw something in my songs too. He said with him to steer me right—maybe not this year or next, but someday—"

Joel broke it off, then managed a sheepish sort of grin. "I guess I have to learn to walk before I can fly. I guess I've got a lot to learn about a lot of things."

"Not so much," Molly scarcely said. His dreams had been high and fancy though and for a moment she saw the stubbornness wink back in him like a boomerang.

"But I wanted the world, Molly. I wanted it for me and then I wanted it for you. I love you, Molly."

"Oh, darling," she said foolishly. She touched his wrist and then she drew him into the furnished room where the Ageratum trembled on the sill, drunk with lamplight. "Oh, darling," Molly said. "Come in, come in. This is the world, too!" ★

Tree Doctor

Continued from page 24

Some people are lavish in their love for trees.

A few years ago Martin presented the late Senator Frank O'Connor with a bill for twelve thousand dollars after scouring the Niagara peninsula for sixty elms which he bought, dug up, hauled from widely scattered sites and replanted in avenues and copses on an estate at Agincourt near Toronto.

The late Mrs. David Dunlap, widow of the Hollinger Gold Mines millionaire, paid Martin twelve hundred dollars to build fifteen tons of concrete into the rotting core of a one hundred and twenty-five-foot elm which had been her husband's pride and joy at Donalda Farms, seven miles northeast of Toronto.

On University of Western Ontario property in London stands a majestic elm which could have there before formal education began in Canada. Actually it grew in Woodbridge, one hundred and forty-five miles to the east. Here it aroused the admiration of London's Major Gerald Spencer. Martin uprooted it and took it by road to London where it was planted on land eventually acquired by the university. It took two trucks in tandem to tow the trailer, and the drivers picked up four tickets on the way for breach of road and load regulations.

Early this year when Toronto's subway excavators threatened to devastate the Alexander Muir Park—a memorial to the man who wrote *The Maple Leaf Forever*—Martin's crews gathered up the best maple trees and moved them to a new site two miles away.

It was Martin who planted grown trees on the National War Memorial in Ottawa and laid out the shady walks at the swank Seigney Club in Quebec. Recently Martin filled cavities in a five-hundred-year-old oak growing in Riverview Drive, North Toronto, and increased by another hundred years the span of a living organism which was venerable when Champlain first looked on Georgian Bay. The tree's owner, John McKee, was glad to pay Martin five hundred dollars.

In a back yard in Toronto's overcrowded west end an elderly couple was equally glad to pay Martin ten dollars for necessary surgery on a Manitoba maple planted by their son, who now lies beneath a white cross by the shores of the Sangro in Italy.

Although trees have brought affluence to Martin he finds in them more than dollars. Shrewd yet benign he doodles self-consciously in his parled office and talks trees with a hint of mysticism. "They have personality, just like people," he says. "Have you never seen a tree tussling with the wind and thought it was laughing sort of exultantly? Sometimes I've seen trees drooping and imagined they were crying. Why, I've known trees to commit suicide, though the scientific term for it is girdling. When they get into unsuitable earth the rootlings coil around the main feeding members, cutting off the food supply by strangulation and causing foliage to wither."

One of Martin's employees says: "He was once driving past a big oak he'd replanted a year or so before. It was having a severe struggle in a gale. And the boss shouted out: 'Hold on, old girl! Hold on there!'"

Martin tells with an air of self-reproach of the time he was spraying sulphur on a chestnut tree's blossom in a suburban garden to make it sterile because small boys were using the fallen fruit as catapult projectiles—with expensive consequences to neighborhood windows.

"An elderly women who lived across the street," he says, "came out and cried: 'Young man! Do you know what you're doing? You're committing an abortion!'" Martin adds: "It's true, you know. But it's often necessary. Unfortunately, apart from broken windows, many people slip on chestnuts in the fall and break their legs."

The Bell Telephone Company always had a bad time getting householders' permission to cut branches interfering with overhead wiring. Since Cedarvale Tree Experts took over the job in many Ontario cities the situation has

been easier. Martin's craftsmen have built up a reputation for improving the growth by skilled surgery. Now the Ontario Hydro and many municipal authorities use Cedarvale for line clearance.

Typical of the men who work for Martin is Alfred Sellars, an armored corps veteran who supervises spraying. When his squadron of tanks, training in England during the recent war, carelessly ran through a hedge belonging to Sir Malcolm Campbell, he surprised his comrades by angrily shouting "Vandalism!" In Italy they thought

he was strange because he wouldn't use olive-tree branches to camouflage his tank. "Those trees take generations to grow," he said. Mrs. Sellars sometimes pretends she's not with him because he's always stopping at trees in the street and peering at the bark for the fungus of Dutch elm disease, the European red mite and other plagues.

Most Canadian cities, says Martin, grow a wide range of trees whose ancestors were imported by nostalgic European immigrants. There are two hundred and one tree varieties in Toronto. About half are such natives as

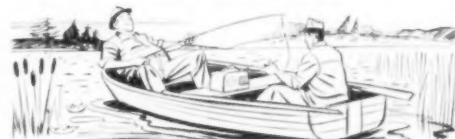
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red pine, hemlock, cedar, larch, birch, beech, balsam, ash, cherry and apple. Others like the sycamore, horse chestnut, Norway maple, linden, poplar, willow, hawthorn, sassafras and English oak were grown from imported cuttings or seed.

The most costly job on Martin's books is tree transplanting. Only his wealthiest clients can afford the labor. Charges differ according to the size of a tree and the distance it has to be moved. But on the average, says Martin, it costs two hundred and fifty dollars to bring a mature tree into your front garden.

A Move for Mr. Ginkgo

Transplanting a tree is really no different from transplanting a flower: it has to be taken up without damage to the roots, kept alive in transit and dug into a congenial new site. Martin always does this job in winter. The tree is less sensitive in its dormant phase. It can be dug out with a great ball of frozen earth adhering to its roots so there is a minimum of disturbance. The trailer carrying it can be rolled across frozen lawns without rutting expensive turf.

When Martin was moving Woodbridge's giant elm to London for Major Gerald Spencer a thaw set in. Major Spencer had visions of two-foot ruts in the rich lawn surrounding the tree's new site, so he ordered several heavy lumber planks. All night Martin and his men inched their two trucks and trailer over the lawns on planks which had to be picked up from behind the rear wheels and relaid in advance of the front ones. A winch hauled the trailer the last few yards up a steep slope.

The most valuable tree Martin ever moved was a Ginkgo, or maidenhair tree, of China and Japan. During road-widening operations he transferred it from one part of Toronto's Queen's Park to another. The Ginkgo is one of the few species alive in the world today which survived the ice age. Most trees combine in themselves both the male and female functions of procreation. But in the primeval Ginkgo species the sexes grow separately. Toronto's Ginkgo is a male.

The nearest female stands in Hamilton, forty miles east. Thus, while more Ginkgos could be raised by planting shoots, there is not much chance of this one multiplying itself by seeding. Canada has less than two dozen Ginkgos, but there's an avenue of them in Washington, D.C. Toronto's was planted in 1882 by a man named George Stevens, who probably got it from the Orient via Kew Gardens in England.

Although it was the patronage of millionaires which gave Martin his start he says seventy-five percent of his clients today are middle-class suburbanites. The majority of his bills range from fifty dollars to two hundred. There are still plenty of Bay Street tycoons, however, who pay him up to five thousand dollars a year to care for their avenues and spinneys.

Most people are ignorant about trees, even if they love them, says Martin. A common mistake is sawing off a limb too near the end, leaving a long leafless stump. The natural role of the leaves is to breathe off moisture drawn up through the roots. Finding no outlet the sap withdraws from the stump into the trunk and other branches. This causes the stump to decay. Disease sets in and spreads elsewhere.

Sometimes, especially in the case of birch and the nut trees, the sap pours out of the wound and the tree literally bleeds to death. "Amputations," says Martin, "should always be made close

to the trunk or the junction of a good stout branch."

Martin says, "Like man and beast a tree is dependent on food for its life. In the natural state much of this food comes from the decomposition of leaves which the tree sheds around itself every fall. In cities, however, householders sweep up the leaves for the sake of a tidy lawn, thereby starving the tree. Thousands of city trees die every year through lack of nourishment. But we also save thousands by feeding the roots artificially through our special pressure pumps."

Roots of a tree rarely grow deeper than five feet. Their spread approximates almost exactly the spread of the branches. When Martin's men trim off roots to make a tree portable they trim off an equal number of branches. If they didn't the roots would not be able to cope with the demand for food and the tree would die.

One reason why trees cannot be moved in summer is that they die of thirst en route. The roots of an average oak in leaf suck up two hundred gallons of water a day, containing potassium, calcium, magnesium, iron, sulphur, nitrogen, phosphorus, oxygen, and other vital chemicals. The chemicals remain within the tree promoting growth, but the water is evaporated through the leaves. In summer transit the leaves continue to breathe off water but since no more is coming up through the roots the tree withers.

A Crusade For an Elm

Some U. S. experts have found they can shift a tree in full bloom by spraying the leaves with wax, which seals the water inside. After the tree is planted the natural growth of the leaves and the weather crack and remove the wax. Martin plans to experiment with this method because a tree in full leaf has a good market value among people planting for shade in bare back yards.

When a client wants a driveway of matching oaks, chestnuts, poplars, lindens or any other popular species one of Martin's men scours Ontario and Quebec for the right units. Usually they are bought from farmers for ten to twenty-five dollars.

Martin has to go farther and farther afield in search of mature trees for transplanting. A lot of the open country close to Toronto is now worked by wealthy farmers who refuse to sell trees. Sometimes he goes two hundred miles north to buy a tree which will match others he's bringing in from a hundred miles west or east.

On his trips Martin often spots a tree in need of attention. "I once saw a lovely tree on a summer estate near Lake Simcoe," he says. "It was drooping and I knew the roots were girdling. I told the owner, but he thought I was soliciting business and got rid of me. That tree died. I think the owner felt guilty because he called me to attend to others. I didn't go."

On No. 2 Highway, a few miles west of Toronto, there is a magnificent elm which Martin calls "the tree with a thousand limbs." This tree is threatened by proposed road-widening operations. Martin is trying to persuade provincial highway authorities to divide the road and leave the tree in the middle.

Martin, the youngest of eleven children, was born on a farm near Orangeville, Ont. In his teens he went to Toronto and worked in a munitions factory producing shells for World War One. There he met an American who in peacetime worked for a New York firm of tree surgeons. After the war Martin got a job with the firm and stayed two years.

Back in Toronto he was out of work and down to his last thirty cents when he borrowed clippers and did odd jobs pruning trees in the Cedarvale district. He began to build a reputation for tree surgery. In the early Twenties the late Jethro Crang, a wealthy property owner, mentioned him to Sir Albert Gooderham, the distiller, who gave him a job. Martin did work for other estate owners and soon was traveling around Ontario as his business expanded. He became a member of the Gardeners' and Florists' Association. In Ottawa he worked for Senator Cairine Wilson and J. R. Booth. In Cobourg he groomed grounds for wealthy Pittsburgh and Philadelphia families at their summer homes on Lake Ontario.

Sir Edward Kemp introduced him to Sir William Mulock. Mulock passed him on to Hamilton B. Wills, who built the home that is now Shadowbrook Hospital for alcoholics. Wills mentioned him to Harry Oakes, who was playing around with a million-dollar estate at Niagara Falls as a boy plays with a model railway.

"Bring a gang down," said Oakes. Martin hired ten men and borrowed money from the bank to pay their wages. They cleared out dead trees, sprayed insect-plagued trees. The work went on for weeks with no mention of money. Martin was broke.

Every morning Harry Oakes came out in a bush shirt and half boots with an axe over his shoulder and said: "Give me something to do." Martin put him on the other end of the cross saw he was working. One morning he said: "Mr. Oakes, I need money to meet my payroll." Oakes said: "Why didn't you say so?" and made out a cheque for ten thousand dollars on account.

Oakes consulted Martin on the landscaping of several smaller houses for his servants. It was summer—a poor time to transplant full-grown trees close to the houses—so Oakes had the houses transplanted close to the trees. He said to one contractor: "I don't like that house here; move it over there." When the contractor protested, "Mr. Oakes, this will be the fourth time I've moved that house," Oakes fired him.

Asbestos Would Have Saved It

The grounds were pitted with basement excavations and Oakes wondered what to do about them. Martin suggested lily ponds and Oakes thought he was a genius.

Martin was working on a bird sanctuary when Oakes began to brood about a large heating plant which marred the landscape. He called for Martin and said: "You see that elm tree?"

"Yessir."
"Well I want you to bore a hole from ..."

Martin knew better than to start asking questions and his men went to work. As they worked he noticed contractors laying hundreds of yards of underground pipe from the new heating plant.

Eventually the pipe line was connected to the hole in the bottom of Martin's tree.

"See the idea?" said Oakes gleefully. "A chimney! A chimney in disguise!"

A few weeks later smoke was pouring out of the top of the giant elm as if it were a Pittsburgh stack.

"If only he'd told me," says Martin today, "everything would have been okay. I could have lined the tree with asbestos and it would have survived. But the smoke and heat killed it in a few weeks. And if there's anything in this world I hate to see it's a good tree lost." ★

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Maclean's HIDE AND SEEK—No. 3

MOST movie stars have favorite camera angles which show them to the best advantage and even twice-a-year picturegoers would identify them in a flash. Here, then, are ten stars from British and Hollywood productions caught from unusual angles. We give you three choices for each photo; check your answers on page 56.



Walter Pidgeon Ray Milland
Errol Flynn



2 Barbara Hale Jean Simmons
Hedy Lamarr



Gloria De Haven Lana Turner
Jeanette MacDonald



4 William Lundigan Alan Ladd
Dick Powell



Gregory Peck James Stewart
Macdonald Carey



6 Joan Crawford Irene Dunne
Diana Churchill



Linda Darnell Gypsy Rose Lee
Rosalind Russell



8 Gilbert Roland Laurence Olivier
Robert Young



John Lund Trevor Howard
Ronald Reagan



10 Paulette Goddard Claudette
Colbert Margaret Lockwood

(Advertisement) SHYNESS IS NO EXCUSE

Not a day passes without men and women of every walk of life being subject to disappointment, humiliation, and failure. They are the victims of shyness. Our community has no place for them; on the contrary, it requires men of action. Now, more than ever, fortune favours the bold.

This fact is common knowledge, but what may not so commonly be known is that shyness is no longer an excuse for failure, and that it can easily be cured. Whether 18 or 50 years of age, the sufferer can become a new man if he is really determined to rid himself of this handicap.

There are many systems which claim to cure shyness. A few of them give satisfactory results, in particular the Method devised by B. S. Borg. I have just studied it carefully, and it has been a genuine revelation. Based on sound psychological principles, the result of innumerable experiments and long years of observation, B. S. Borg's method re-educates the will by simple, direct, and infallible means. I was particularly struck by the fact that it is adapted to each individual temperament and to every type of shyness.

Borg has analysed shyness and discovered how to direct its activity into new and fruitful channels. I am not surprised to hear from all quarters that with his help, former victims of shyness are daily meeting with success, wealth, and happiness.

As a result of reading this article many other people may wish to strike out towards a better, easier, and happier life. Write to B. S. Borg. His address is c/o Aubanel Publishers, Mentone House, Killiney, Co. Dublin. Ask him for a copy of his book, *The Eternal Laws of Success*. I have his promise that he will send a copy free of charge to all who write after reading this article. Make the most of this generous offer.

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A'BODY CAN KEEP
HOUSE WITHOUT
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I Came Back and I Am Content

Continued from page 2

to him. "I don't believe that I could take the final step and become an American citizen. For me, a Protestant, it would be like 'going over to Rome.'" My friend agreed.

That's as near, perhaps, as I can get to explaining why I came back.

I came back to the familiar, to my home. I came back to the adventure of building a nation. That's an exciting job. In an old society so many things have already been done: everything is formed, all the big decisions taken, the crowded centuries lie behind. Here, where there is little past to get in the way, we are building our world as we go along, things are mobile and flexible.

It was a tough job to make Canada the nation it is today. As an American friend of mine once said to me, "You people must be deeply attached to your own country or you wouldn't be willing to pay so much to keep it up."

It seemed to me that there were certain specific avenues along which I might go in my part of the job. I thought of the depth of misunderstanding, prejudice and even hatred that existed between French and English. If one could do a little to alleviate that, that would be a life work in itself. I thought of the gay abandon with which we conducted our immigration policies—seldom guided by other than material considerations, invariably viewing the immigrant as a mere "hand," rarely as a human soul, never stopping to ask ourselves what kind of society we, and the immigrant, were building. I thought of the complexities in the relationships between Canada and her mother country, relationships that had in them so much of filial devotion, so much of sincere emotion and yet which, if not carefully shaped, could keep Canadians so long in the role of minor children that they might never grow up. Most of all I thought of the perils to our traditional free way of life that the First World War had revealed and which the second was to make imminent. If a nation was to be built, it must be a free nation with a living faith in freedom and justice, a nation aware of itself, setting its course by its own nature and not merely seeking to become a pale copy of the republic alongside it.

Its own nature was obvious: a country of two cultures, a country of an incredibly difficult physical setting, one which could give a good life to its citizens but could never attain the size and wealth of the United States, a hard yet moderate country, without American flamboyance but with quiet and dependable qualities of its own, with humility. It seemed to me that those who wished could have a great part in making such a country and that it might be a good country.

Know Canada, Know the West

I hope all this doesn't sound pretentious, nor as reflecting personal vanity. I really think it was the kind of reasoning that brought me back. It would bring many more back if modest competences were available. The proof: the way former Canadians rushed back during the war, either to the armed services or to technical places in the civil government.

It was because I wanted to take part in the job of building a new nation that I was glad that chance, when it brought me back to Canada, took me to the prairies. Here was the newest part of Canada; a high malleable society waiting for those who could show

the way or put its ambition into words for it, and a part of Canada that was and is Canadian in a sense that the east is not. The eastern provinces have their separate colonial memories, carrying them back to the days before Confederation. The west has next to none of these. The eastern provinces were the parents of the Canadian federation; the western are its children.

No Canadian can know Canada unless he knows the west. I left New England with its comfortable towns and beautiful villages, its sea and its mountains, its dignified and established culture, for the harshness and rawness of the Canadian prairie. There is no use my pretending that I liked the prairie environment, but the wonder was that, living on that billiard table which is Manitoba, I felt more at home than in beautiful New England, hospitable though it had been to me. On the prairies I was one of the family.

New England was not the only place to impart this dreamlike quality to everyday life, for it had been just the same in old England, where I had spent several years. I am of English parentage. But I am not a part of England. For me to live in England or the United States is to live in a more or less unreal world, to be only more or less alive. I know I am not alone in this feeling.

When I returned from the war the ship was filled with Canadians who had not seen their native land in several years. As we came up to Quebec the familiar smell of sawn lumber drifted off to us. It brought back expressions of emotion that I had never expected from any of my reserved countrymen, expressions so intense that in a few cases they verged on the theatrical, though they were none the less genuine for that.

And so, after two long intervals abroad, in two different countries and at two different periods of my life, I came to rest for keeps here in Canada. I accepted its disabilities.

Not Far From a Desert

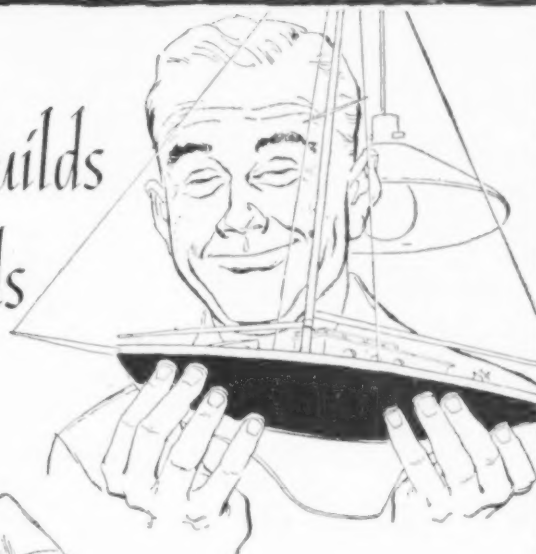
Canada, whatever we Canadians think, is not a country of the first importance. Therefore Canadians are not of the first importance. Americans are. It has been hard for Canadians abroad to get themselves recognized and separately identified. To foreigners they have been either English or Americans, depending on their manners. To the English, in spite of two wars, Canadians are still, as a rule, Americans.

I can hear someone saying: "Why, we grow five hundred million bushels of wheat. Look at our oil, our iron, our copper, our electric power, look at our skyscrapers, our big cities. This is the land of opportunity. What's this fellow complaining about?" Apart from the fact that a few of our big cities are worth looking at, none of these things in themselves make a society that is worth twenty-five cents. They are just means to an end.

Do Canadians have anything besides iron, copper, skyscrapers, etc. etc., to be proud of? Is there anything in the word "Canadian" that stands for something deep and indestructible? Most people, whatever their origin, can grasp what it means for a man to be able to say, "I am a Jew." That means something indomitable, an immortal spirit that has never been conquered, an inner ferment that has more than once revolutionized mankind.

If this country be just iron, copper, oil, and so on—merely a collection of material assets—if it has no original creative spirit of its own and cannot rise to one, it can have little future of importance, however many "opportunities" it may afford. And can anyone

Joe builds models



Bill likes fishing

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deny that, occasional cases excepted, Canada is still not far from a cultural and spiritual desert? Can it be denied that its people in the mass are highly Philistine, despising the intellect, able to understand only action, opaque to thought and to imaginative creative emotion?

These are the traits that Canadians usually, in pharisaical demeanor, reserve for Americans. No attitude could be more foolish. Those who know the United States at first hand and not merely through the artificial media of Press, radio and movie know that it is in that country, far more impressively than in Canada, that the greatness of the human spirit has been demonstrated. It is there that are to be found the music, the libraries, the civic and national pride, the fierce pursuit of liberty, the large-mindedness, the wide-ranging, imaginative spirit only occasionally encountered here.

Canadian, disprove this if you can. And yet I came home, and others have, too. Why? I can speak only for myself. It's great fun, nation-building.

Home, that is the word. We Canadians have a strong sense of home. Not a strong sense of nationality—we are too narrow gauged for that. Our sense of home is our love of our neighborhood.

There may be more people who feel like me than would usually be assumed: we Canadians don't wear our hearts on our sleeves and most of us would rather die than let others know that we actually can feel, actually have enthusiasms and can be stirred. Yet occasionally, by accident, the cat slips out of the bag. I remember the simple storekeeper of Hawkestone, that cosy little village on the shores of Lake Simcoe, who exclaimed to me, after chatting about less favored regions: "I don't know how I'd get along without that lake out there." He recoiled when the words came out and shut up tight, feeling that he had made a fool of himself to a stranger. But for once his inner self had glinted through. It may have been the inner self of many a staid citizen.

There was the equally simple farmer down on the shores of the Baie des Chaleurs. He had once been out west and he couldn't endure the flat prairies. He came home to New Brunswick, home to twenty acres of hillside, to hard work and a limited future. But the tall hills of Gaspé stared at him from across the bay. "When I came back," he confided to me, "all I could do was to sit and look at them there hills."

So I suppose it was "that lake out there" that really brought me home

And it must have been the lakes and woods of Ontario which brought me back to my native province. It was not the province as such, because I contend that, except in a legal sense, there is no such thing. There is no Ontario: there are just lakes, woods, hills, dales, farmland; and towns and villages with the good luck to be set in beautiful surroundings, and few of them aware of it.

A Parish Pump Rampant

For one who wanted the fun of nation-building, the Canadian west provided a more congenial environment than Ontario. The prairies are wide and bracing, Ontario is stuffy and parochial. In Winnipeg a man can look eastward and see Montreal and the Atlantic steamers carrying prairie wheat to Europe. And he can look the other way, across the mountains, and see Vancouver and the Pacific. But in Toronto he can see only Toronto—or perhaps, by reflection, New York. In the Canadian west one gets a sense of the whole country, its whole magnificent expanse. But the east retreats into itself. As an inhabitant of what was, until recently, our farthest east, Nova Scotia, once said to me: "I'm not really interested in anything west of the Isthmus of Chignecto." Sometimes it seems as if the coats of arms of our eastern provinces should carry in their fields, as the heralds would put it, a "parish pump rampant."

But now for me it is Ontario and it's Lake Ontario.

This eunuch sea

This pastured, fenced nonentity...

So shouts our poet Earle Birney, who from British Columbia once migrated to Ontario and has now again put the miles between the eunuch sea and his mountain vastnesses.

And so here I am now, at last, washed up on the old Ontario strand sitting in an old farmhouse, looking right out over the horizon of the eunuch sea. Sixty miles south, across those unbriny waves, lies New York State and the land that has swallowed so many of my countrymen. Just sixty miles to the big salaries, the big cities, the mild winters! Just sixty miles to the land of big achievements, the land where the world's destinies (ours included) are being decided—and being decided by people less capable, it would often seem, than ourselves! It wouldn't have been hard to get into that game; many another Canadian has done it.

Running the world (perhaps, I had better say, trying to run it) from Washington must be the biggest, most exciting game on earth. Any young Canadian who has the ability and the training can go down there and take a hand in it, nothing more certain—the funny thing is that all of them do not. Some of them, if not enough, stay here to get on with our own humble tasks.

Few people would argue that the great world nations are making times more pleasant for mankind. Great powers never have. They have never had records that impelled the little peoples to "up and join" them. No, the little peoples, the Swedes, the Swiss, the Dutch, the Danes and others, have always had a very good conceit themselves. It has often been amusing to watch the giants in their folly. Dangerous, of course. But danger makes fun, too.

Well, here on Lake Ontario, I have a special reserved seat from which to watch Giant Number One. But I don't think I want to be part of him, even if he is big and strong. For here on the shore of Ontario—the north shore—I have found content. ★



C O N V E N I E N C E

An apple tree is a handy thing
To hang red apples on, and nice
To look at, foaming in the spring:
I know a farmer man, who twice

Hooked his spectacles on a bough
(He knew better than that, of course)
And then, scowling, went off to plow
Behind his fat New Brunswick horse;

Wouldn't wear glasses because the sweat
Ran down into his eyes, and blurred
Straight furrow-lines; and so he let
Them dangle, though last time, birds or a bird

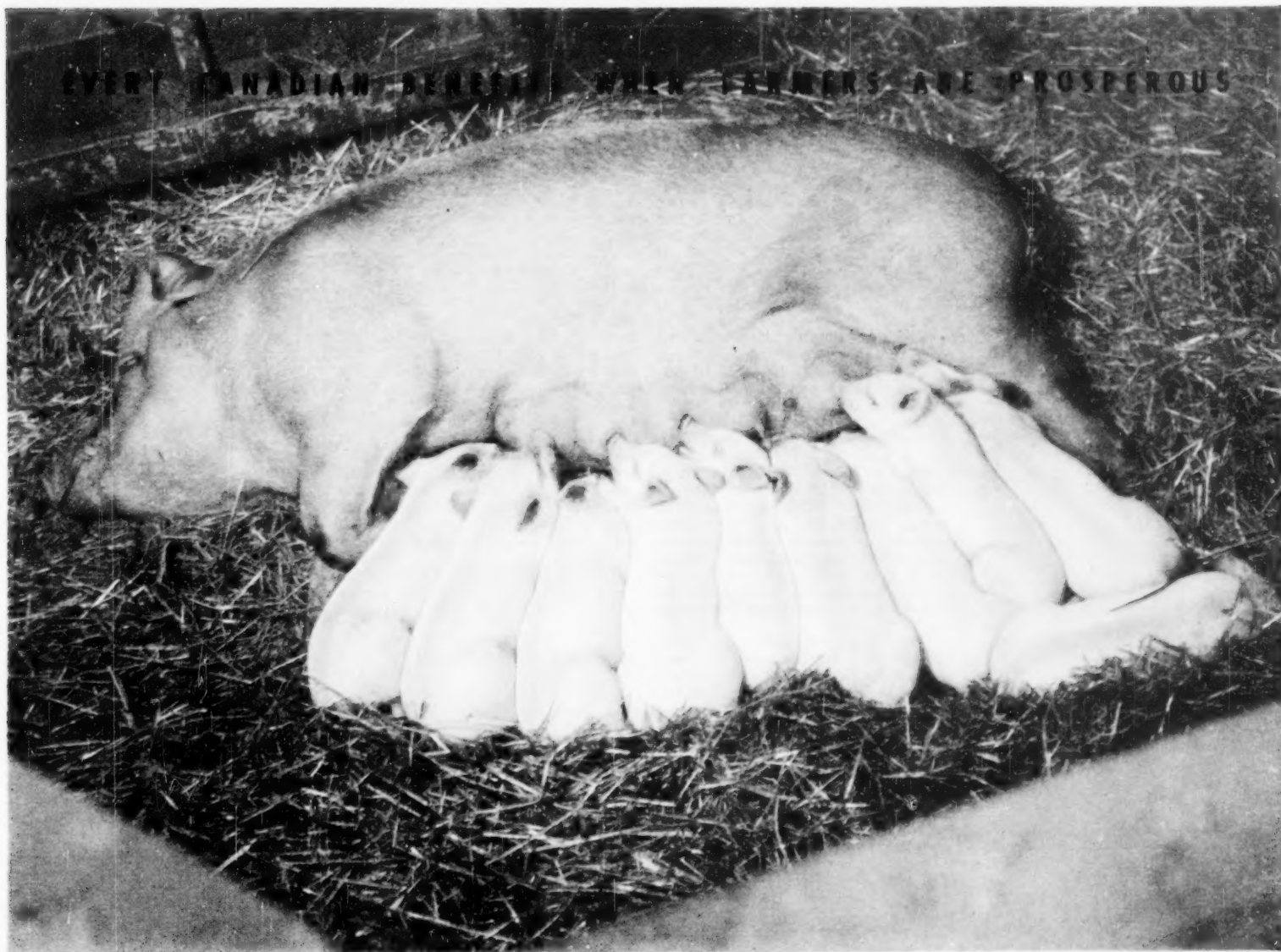
Joggled them off. At noon, coming home,
And remembering how he'd left them there
On a branch, he'd vaguely claw and comb
Among the leaves, and grumble and swear

That his joking nearest neighbor took
The glasses purposely to mock
His carelessness; but robins shook
Them clipping down on a granite rock,

Cracked and star-splintered hopelessly;
Boisterous birds *will* jounce and sing
Along the branches. An apple tree
Near the back door is a handy thing.

—Martha Banning Thomas

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The Boats that Sail a Warpath

Continued from page 24

curves. The men played cards, challenged one another to wrestle and sang French songs. They pointed out Fort Chambly overlooking Chamblé's Basin at the foot of the Richelieu rapids, where Indians once portaged their war canoes and French, British and American troops carried stores and ammunition on their way to battle. We were forty-six miles south of Sorel up the Richelieu and twenty miles east of Montreal.

We reached the Chambly Canal. For miles the crew had been complaining about it—a channel thirty-six feet wide at bottom, only six and a half feet deep. It takes six hours to travel the twelve miles. It could be mistaken for a millrace except for its nine small locks (120 feet by 20). It was being constructed in 1831 at the time England and the United States were running their first steam railways. As soon as it was finished the government was entreated to improve it, and commissions have been petitioning governments ever since to modernize the bottleneck in the short cut between the largest city in Canada and the busiest city in the world.

"The Americans have spent many millions of dollars keeping their part of the waterway twelve feet deep," the commissioners report. "If the Chambly was modernized and the Richelieu dredged it would save life, fuel, money and ships when there is war on the Atlantic. It would provide economical and speedy commercial traffic for a most productive area in Canada. It would make a perfect trip for vacationists." But commissions come and commissions go and the Chambly Canal remains exactly what it has always been—a narrow, shallow, picturesque ditch.

When the Stern Stuck

The Newscarrrier was nuzzled into the first log-sided lock, with a six-inch clearance all around and under. We waited for the wooden gates to be wound open by hand, then moved into the next ancient lock and the next, forty-five feet above the basin where we'd entered. The men in the crew stepped out on the *quai* to do a bit of tussling. They tossed each other into the air and roared with laughter while a bridge on a main highway from Montreal was swung open and sixty-four cars waited for the News to pass.

Darkness came soon after we moved into the water lane. There were dim lights along a towpath where horses used to draw wooden barges to be reloaded at either end of the canal. The navy blue water ahead reflected fenceposts illumined by our searchlight.

Our approach had been telephoned to the next lock. When we passed through it the lock-keepers bicycled to the next one. Two men walked around a turnstile in the centre of a bridge to swing it open. Leo Leclerc sauntered along the towpath beside us.

In the wheelhouse Roger was saying, "We go not fast here; we touch bottom, mud and not very big rocks. Every year they dredge but the banks fall down. Now she pretty near stop."

The captain said, "She is stop."

The bow of the Newscarrrier moved from side to side, the stern stuck.

"We don't worry," Roger said, "We do dat every trip, sometime five, six time same trip."

The News was moving forward again. Soon the river was beside us, broad but shallow. The captain pointed,

"You see over dere de dam? Dey build dis before de last war but dey spend all de money on de war and now dere is no money for de canal."

"Dey use have all kind of war round here with Indians," Roger told us. "Dey fight with bare and tommy hatch—don't need money for dat."

A lock and two bridges later we came to Lake St. Thérèse with summer camps on its shores. We crossed it in twenty minutes, then crawled between grassy banks.

Next morning the Stars and Stripes was flying from our foremast. We were half-way down Lake Champlain. Roger at the wheel exulted in having deep water, but the little captain looked anxiously at a haze that dimmed the mountains beyond the shores. "Dis is bad lake in fog; got some rocks and islets." He took the wheel from Roger whenever an old barge, five times as big as the News, came toward us.

Before noon we were in the narrows of lower Lake Champlain, the mountains close on both sides, the channel edged with bulrushes. There was a feeling of Indians in ambush along the way. A little later Leo rushed to fetch me. "Joe wants you to see Ticonderoga."

"French built dat fort," Joe told me, "and dere Montcalm won last French victory over English before dey take Canada."

Pink Ice Cream for Joe

Old stone walls faced our route—the way red-coated British soldiers and Yankee rebels had come. We passed mansions with long green lawns, but most of the shore was wooded. The waterway grew narrower. The first low bridge of Champlain Canal was in sight. The mate went down to steer from the lower wheelhouse. Roger and Leo took the roof off the upper one and slid it down a hatch. The walls came off next, like the flats for a stage. Roger lowered the mast while Leo took down the stacks and the brass steering wheel. The Newscarrrier was now as flat as a scow.

Whitehall, at the first of the canal's twelve locks, is a little town crowded between the mountains. "We got a lot of history around these parts," the lock-keeper told me. "Used to be a fort up there in the hills where I guess Washington licked the English." A cannon pointed at us from the heights. On the Newscarrrier all of us seemed suddenly very Canadian. Leo walked the deck with kingly dignity.

Captain Normandeau went ashore to buy fish for Friday. Joe bought a pink ice-cream cone. Roger and Adjutor ran up the street.

"Going for a beer, boys?" the others called after them.

Roger turned and piously rolled his eyes. "Not while we are working," he said.

The Champlain Canal's channel is deep and wide, its locks (300 feet by 45) fill quickly and are almost large enough for six boats like our little News. We could navigate its sixty-eight miles in half a day. In spring and fall only barges go through, but in summer luxury yachts from the Hudson River and Erie Canal go to Montreal and Saguenay or on to Ottawa.

"Rich mans on dem wear white clothes and have pretty girl and fat seegar." Roger's gestures brought a roar of laughter and a burst of rapid French from the crew.

We were in the wheelhouse after supper. As always there was speculation about where we'd be at certain times along the way, when we'd meet another paper boat returning, what time we'd reach New York and what



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cargo we'd bring back. Everyone hoped for package freight.

"Takes longer to load and gives us more time in city," Roger explained.

We would be in New York at nine o'clock the next night, the captain said. That day was the most glorious of all. When it came, warm and sunny, we were on the Hudson passing the Catskills. The crew frolicked and sang. A butterfly, large as a wren, flew along with the News, soaring and fluttering. "Is good luck," the captain said.

When the new watch came on the Hudson was broad as a lake and Leo had the wheel.

"Dere is Bear Mountains Park," Joe pointed, "where dey have de ski contest. Maple Leaf and Montreal baseball team practice dere too. One trip dis summer I bring along my little boy, take him to games in New York. He talk all de time since about dat." From his pocket Joe brought out a packet of pictures and showed me his wife who is lovely, his little boy and girl, the new house he had built, his brother who died, ships he'd served on, icebergs, polar bears swimming, the dock at Donnacona.

We were passing a city of American ships used in the war, their hulls newly painted, waiting. Adjutor was on the deck singing to the tune of Holy Night. Men on an oil barge stared at us as they hurried by.

"Dey don't see boat like dis before," said Joe. "She is different. Even in New York she is not like other boat but dere everybody is too busy to see. Dey go to work with de breakfast in de pocket."

Joe went down to have a game of casino with Adjutor on the hatch. I took their picture, then sat in the sun on the deck. Adjutor was pointing out the cars in the yard of the Chevrolet plant near Tarrytown.

"Dey got more dan dey need," he said. "Could give me one." Joe gleefully tossed water from a glass at Adjutor, who raced like a flash down to the galley. We expected him to come up with a bucket of water for Joe. Instead, he returned nonchalantly eating grapes. I looked out on the water.

Suddenly Adjutor had turned Joe upside down and both men were screaming with laughter. I went toward my camera on the edge of the wheelhouse, turned back to look at the men. Clutched in each other's arms they were tussling playfully at the edge of the hatch—too close to the edge of the hatch. They overbalanced, hit an iron post on the edge of the deck and went overboard.

Leo left the wheel to rouse the watch sleeping below. I looked for the men in the water. They were swimming. I thanked God. Then, from the aft-deck, Rollande came toward me with terror in her eyes. Adjutor was splashing but his head was under. Joe was going to him. Leo had a boat hook in his hands but the men were beyond us.

Adjutor's splashing stopped. Joe

was swimming alone. He came toward the boat. The captain put down the anchor. Leo had a buoy ready to throw but Joe was still too far away. The lifeboat was lowered quickly from the stern. Roger and Leo rowed hard in the swift current.

Then we saw only the water. All water looks the same when there is nothing in it to see. I heard the captain sobbing. There was anguish on his face. Rollande held up two fingers and mournfully shook her head.

We kept watching the cold moving water, watching the boys in the boat who looked back at us with despair. There was nothing else to do. The rowboat circled aimlessly in the little wavelets. Time passed. The caps of the drowned men lay on the hatch.

Roger and Leo came aboard. The captain went ashore to notify the police. The rest of us paced the hatches. Roger said. "This day I have lost my best friends." Leo told me, "These were two beautiful mans. Always dey are chums and have de joke. Adjutor have wife and four children. Two months ago his boy, who is eighteen, die when he is swimming, and his wife's mother die too—three die in two months."

The usual things followed—police asking questions, townspeople staring, police taking pictures of Joe's *toque* and Adjutor's denim cap on the hatch, the little captain searching the cold waters for another hour in a police boat, the ship's agents arriving from New York.

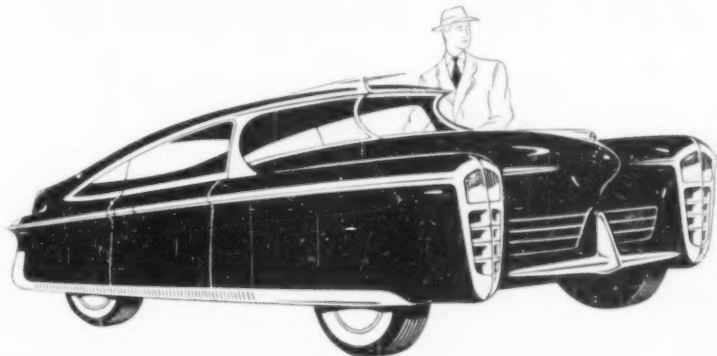
Then there was a ride to the police station in Tarrytown, waiting for a French interpreter, long questioning and written reports of Leo, Rollande and I who had seen the accident. The men from New York and the police talked about murders and racketeering on New York's waterfront. The little captain looked straight ahead, the lines on his strained face deepening. At last it was over and they took us back to the boat. We'd eaten little supper and thought food might hearten us but only I ate a bit of toast.

We started again next morning. The flag in the bow was halfmast. There was no singing on the barge.

The George Washington Bridge was just ahead and soon we saw Riverside Drive with its millionaires' yachts just below. Then came the piers with ships from everywhere: Norway, Liverpool, Nantes, Le Havre, and Panama where Joe had had the tattoo put on his left arm. We passed the Queen Elizabeth and the Queen of Bermuda. New York's skyline was lost in a haze. In a bewildering enigma of traffic the little captain steered our canal barge steadily through the harbor, round the Battery, under the Brooklyn and Manhattan bridges to Pier 40 in the East River.

The Newscarrrier had brought another load of paper from the forests of Quebec to the concrete wilderness of New York. The people on Times Square were already reading all about it. The men of the crew went sadly ashore to phone home to Donnacona. ★

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BACK TO THE DARK AGES

Pierre Berton tells the story of Marie Kawamoto, a Canadian woman who was always a foreigner in the land of her birth, who went to Japan and found a life that was medieval by her standards. She also found that in the land of her ancestors she was still a stranger.

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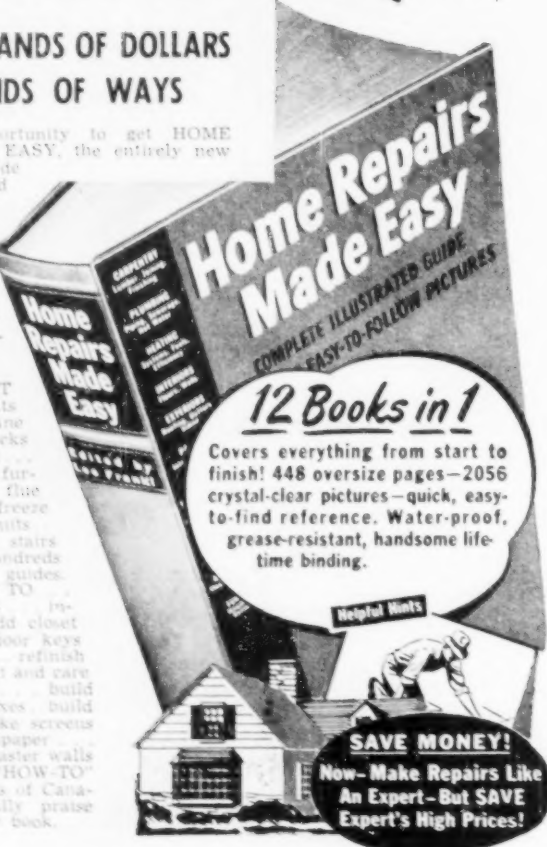
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BOOK WITH CARE

The Crisis That's Out to Lunch

Continued from page 8

dwellings built one on top of another in the great pits of the quarry.

None of the houses I saw had more than one room. Only the best, those held by better-paid workers, have windows or chimneys; the typical dwelling is a dark cell with a mud floor and a hole in the roof to let the smoke out. Sick children lie on heaps of dirty rags in the corners. Others, hardly healthier in appearance, crawl about in the filth in front of the rickety doors. There are no sanitary facilities of any description; in fact, when I enquired about that everyone within earshot burst into roars of laughter.

These slum dwellers are not unemployed. They have jobs—men, women and children work six twelve hour days a week in the glass factories, the brick factories, the other small industries of Teheran. In the glass factory I visited a man earns sixty cents a day, a woman forty cents, a child sixteen cents—barely enough to keep them alive at Teheran's food prices.

Except perhaps in Calcutta, whose three million refugees are a special case, I had never seen such squalor and poverty. The squatters of Hong Kong, in their incredible villages of boxwood and tin cans, look relatively comfortable, relatively clean and prosperous compared with these miserable folk.

Under other circumstances, that might not be important. Heaven knows there is misery enough all through the East. The unique thing in Iran, the intolerable and unbearable thing, is that Iran is not a poor country like India or China or North Africa. Iran is one of the richest countries in the world. Iranians are now beginning to realize it. This, I think, is the root fact in the Iranian crisis.

Holiday Gift—a Pay Cut

Three days after my Communist-conducted tour the National Front, party of the swooning Prime Minister Mohammed Mossadegh, took the foreign press corps on a conducted tour of the same slum area. National Front politicians didn't know the terrain as well as the Communists had—we got lost twice trying to find our way out—but their speeches were even more pointed.

To an impromptu political meeting at one point along our route, the local MP cried, "When we take over the former oil company's wealth, our people shall no longer live here like swine." The crowd cheered.

If only it were as simple as that there'd be no problem. Neither Britain nor the United States is much interested in defining the profits of an Iranian Oil Company, even though the British Government is the biggest shareholder. British as well as American officials will tell you privately that the company has been superlatively stupid in its handling of the whole situation.

To take just one example: Last March the company took the quite justified step of reducing the wage rates of certain employees. They'd been drawing extra pay for living under hardship conditions, and the hardship had been relieved. The company served notice last November that the special bonus would soon be withdrawn, and the workers made no protest.

All very logical—but the company chose to withdraw the bonus on March 21, the Moslem New Year. Most Iranian workers expect, and many of

them get, an extra week's pay as a gift on that holiday; these oil company workers got a cut. Oil company spokesmen even yet sound astonished and grieved to report that the workers went on strike—Communist influence, they say.

This kind of myopia is responsible for the company's ill repute in Iran. Few companies in the 20th century have such a rudimentary concept of public relations as Anglo-Iranian—they seem to have made no serious attempt to put their case even to their own countrymen, let alone to Iran. Two years ago they offered Iran a new contract which would have doubled the oil royalties payable under the existing "1933 agreement"; it's just as good, in some ways better, than the "50-50 deal" which has got so much publicity in Saudi Arabia. To this day no one has ever explained the advantages of that new agreement to the Iranian people.

DDT Funds Went Astray

All this makes the oil company an admirable whipping boy. Unfortunately it does not make the company responsible for the squalid poverty of most Iranians. On the contrary, the company treats its own employees pretty well—not quite as well as company pamphlets make out, but better than other Iranian employers. Wages are all higher than the minimum set by law—most Iranian employers pay no attention to the law and pay wages fifteen per cent lower—and most oil company workers earn double the national average. The company has built schools, hospitals, houses, community halls for its people; it provides a whole range of medical and social services.

As for its payments to the national treasury of Iran, obviously they have been lower than the company could afford to pay, since the company is now able to offer double the old rate. But there is no evidence that doubling the oil royalty would make any difference to the poverty of the Iranian masses. On the contrary, there's all too much reason to believe that any amount paid to the present Iranian Government, or any other likely to be chosen under the present system, would be squandered to no purpose. Even

SONG FOR PUNY MEN

Take heart, you guys of scanty size—
Forget about your smallness.
You'll win a maid without the aid
Of either strength or tallness.

Of course, it's true that Tarzans do
Appeal to many women;
These men look grand in tuxes and
The trunks they wear to swim in.

However, there are maidens fair
Who want no brute to win them;
They have a yen for puny men
Who stir the mother in them.

So still your wails, you weaker
males—
Let all your grief be smothered.
Go out and find this latter kind
And let yourself be mothered!

—Richard Wheeler

by Middle Eastern standards, the Iranian Government is outstanding for corruption and incompetence.

One example: In the northern provinces along the Caspian Sea, the incidence of malaria is as high as eighty-eight per cent. Last year, with American aid and counsel, a vigorous program of mosquito eradication cut the malaria rate to thirty-five per cent. With a few more years of similar effort the disease might be eliminated altogether. But this year nothing is being done—there's no money to buy DDT. This in spite of the fact that a stated percentage of oil royalties was allotted to that purpose, a percentage more than large enough to buy all the DDT that's needed. The funds did not get to the right place.

Salaries in the government service are lamentably low; it's quite impossible for the average official to live on his salary. He must, and he does, supplement it with whatever graft he can pick up.

"I've been eight years in school and yet I can't get a job," said an angry man I met in the slums. "I couldn't pay a high enough bribe to get a job in the army."

How high a bribe was required?

"I don't know. There were only ten jobs, and two hundred of us applied. The sergeant picked the ten who paid him the most, I guess."

I asked several officials how many Iranians pay income tax. Nobody seemed to know. They couldn't even think of anyone, from the Finance Minister down, who could give me the information. Finally an American explained why: "We don't bother asking for statistics like that, because they wouldn't mean anything. Hardly anybody actually pays income tax—it's so much cheaper to pay the tax collector."

Hopeless, But Not Serious

Any Iranian Government requires support of the Majlis (Parliament) to carry on, but the Majlis has no party system as we understand it. No government ever is able to count on a permanent majority. Majlis' support must be bought and paid for, sometimes in cash, sometimes in favors. Even then it's not very reliable.

If you ask what political system produces this mockery of government, the answer is embarrassing: Democracy, so-called. The Iranian Majlis is elected by manhood suffrage, and it has more power over the Imperial Government (headed by the Shah-in-Shah, a constitutional monarch) than most parliaments have over most governments. The catch is in the methods of election. Probably ninety per cent of Iranian peasants are illiterate. Their feudal landlords bring them to the polling stations by the cartload, tell them where and how to mark their ballots, then pack them off home again. The landlord or his nominee is always elected.

Between the prevalent graft and the archaic feudal system under which eighty per cent of all Iranians live, Iran has the most shocking maldistribution of wealth you can imagine. Teheran displays, as well as some of the world's worst slums, probably the largest assortment of 1951 Cadillacs outside North America.

It's true, of course, that this kind of thing has been going on for centuries. Maybe it makes more impression on the newcomer than it does on the native. As one of the older hands at a Western embassy remarked not long ago: "My dear chap, you will discover that the government here is inefficient and corrupt, that the people are impoverished and diseased, that nothing goes

as it ought to go, and that everything is all right."

Perhaps apocryphally, the British Ambassador Sir Francis Shepherd is credited with a witticism widely quoted: "The situation is hopeless, but not serious." But lately even the most cynical of old hands is inclined to admit that the situation is becoming serious as well as hopeless. The hot clamor for nationalization of the oil industry is the symptom, not the disease; it's an index of the Iranian sense of grievance.

Some British statements, particularly editorials in the home press, give

the impression that nationalization is demanded only by a lunatic minority; that most Iranians are really opposed to it but have been intimidated into silence by the gunmen who shot Prime Minister Razmara in March. So far as I could learn from interviews here with foreigners, as well as Persians, this is quite incorrect. The sentiment for nationalization is as nearly unanimous as any sentiment could be.

I talked to one elder statesman with a great reputation for cool judgment, one who has always been friendly to the West. He was heartily and em-

phatically in favor of it—not perhaps, of the way it was being carried out by the Mossadegh Government, but in favor of the principle.

It is true, as British editorials say that Mossadegh's National Front has only eight members in a Majlis of 136. But the Majlis has no party system—tiny as it is, the National Front is the biggest single party in the House. And on the issue of nationalization it has the support of all the other parties; the Majlis is unanimous.

It is true, too, that this unanimity became much more noticeable and



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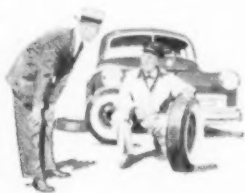
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enthusiastic after Prime Minister Razmara was murdered. The Iranian politician is not famous, as a rule, for personal courage.

But this is another symptom, this threat of violence and death that lies continually beneath the quiet surface of Iranian politics. The shocking thing about political murder in Iran is that public sympathy usually lies with the murderer, not with the victim.

To this day the Moslem fanatic who killed Razmara last March has not been brought to trial. Any Persian will tell you why: "They're afraid to try him." The Fidayani Islam, a band of Moslem assassins which claims credit for Razmara's murder, has issued warnings that the murderer will be regarded as a martyr if punished, and that his judges should beware of vengeance.

At the time of Razmara's murder the present Prime Minister Mossadegh almost openly applauded the murderer's patriotic act. Ironically, he himself is now terrified by threats on his own life; that's why he barricaded himself in the sanctuary of the heavily guarded Majlis Building.

The Guard Escaped Too

The threats are not idle. The other day a ragged and dirty little man came to the side door of the Ritz Hotel with a wad of papers. "For the foreign press," he said, and disappeared. The papers turned out to be a proclamation of Fidayani Islam, threatening vengeance on the whole National Front Government for having "deviated from God's path."

Teheran swarms with police, but you get the uneasy feeling that they lack authority. Whenever the Majlis meets, which is every second day, several dozen policemen line up on the sidewalk to prevent "demonstrations" and to protect the members as they step from their Cadillacs to the heavy barred gates. They keep telling spectators to move along, don't block the sidewalk, don't stand here. Nobody pays the slightest attention and there is a small demonstration every day for the release of political prisoners.

Two years ago, after an attempt to assassinate the Shah, the Tudeh (Communist) Party was declared illegal and its ten leaders arrested. All ten escaped before very long—it turned out that the army officer and NCOs detailed to

guard them were all members of the Communist Party, and they disappeared along with their prisoners. All of them are still at large; I'm told if I had a little more time here I could interview them.

So far the Communist Party has kept itself somewhat in the background of the oil dispute. The "Society for Struggle Against Imperialistic Oil Companies" is a Communist front; so are the "Partisans of Peace" which also operates openly. But in the main the Communists seem content to let the much more respectable National Front Government carry the ball in the drive for oil nationalization.

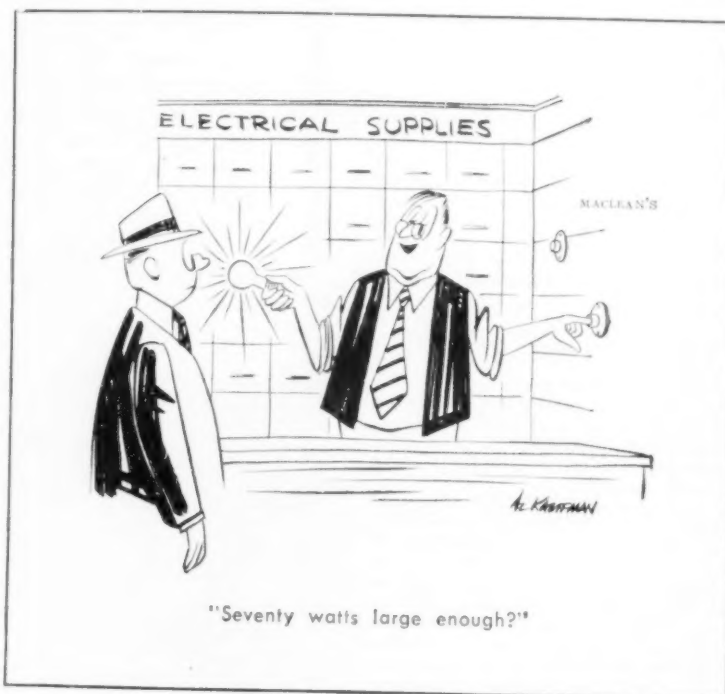
The Honeymoon Won't Last

This quiescence does not mean weakness. One member of the Iranian Government, as well as all the Iranian reporters I met, said emphatically that the Communist is by far the strongest party in all Iran. That is not saying much in a country where no party is strong, but it does mean a solid, well-financed underground organization.

Communists know as well as anyone how brief their honeymoon with the National Front is likely to be. They have one common objective and only one—nationalizing the oil. But even there they are not quite agreed, for the National Front presumably intends sooner or later to make some kind of operating and marketing contract with the British. Communists, of course, would rather let the oil run into the sea than let the British and Americans have it on any terms.

Aside from that, though, they are bound to come into open collision once oil is nationalized. The National Front has staked everything on this one card—nationalizing oil is to cure all the manifold ills of the Iranian body politic. "When we nationalize oil, land reform will not be necessary," one National Front Leader told a British reporter.

This is nonsense, as the Communists well know. At best, the National Front will make an operating contract with the British which will pay Iran as much as the oil company was willing to offer anyway. At worst, they'll try to operate the business themselves—and prove themselves hopelessly incompetent—and their oil revenue will drop to zero. (Oil now provides Iran with seventy-five per cent of all her foreign



NEXT ISSUE:

WHAT IT'S LIKE TO LIVE UNDER COMMUNISM

By Blair Fraser

In Tito's Yugoslavia the Ottawa Editor of Maclean's had an unusual opportunity to observe a Communist country, outside the Iron Curtain, at work. Here is his first-hand report from Belgrade.

MACLEAN'S JULY 15

ON SALE JULY 11

exchange and about twenty-five per cent of national revenue). In neither case will nationalization, in and by itself, cause any change in Iranian fortunes except perhaps a change for the worse.

Communists see their opportunity in the expected failure of the National Front. Just because public sentiment has been whipped up as never before, just because Iranians have been told to expect deliverance from all afflictions, Communists hope to catch them on the rebound of bitter disappointment.

This, then, is the problem of Western nations in Iran: How to frustrate the Communists' hope of capitalizing on disaster.

If it were not for the Russians we'd have no problem at all. Nothing would be simpler than to let the Persian ruling class stew in its own juice—in fact, it would be a pleasure. Unhappily this pleasure is denied us by the presence of the Russians on the northern frontier. Somehow the Communists must be forestalled, or Stalin will have won another important campaign without moving a man.

It won't be simple. Iran cannot be saved by anything as easy as a \$200,000,000 ECA grant; giving money to the present Iranian authorities would have as little effect as oil royalties have had already. And if loans or grants are offered with conditions attached, Iranian officials may not want to take them.

Already there's a \$25,000,000 loan from the U. S. Export-Import Bank going begging. Iran doesn't want it, partly because it's an interest-bearing loan but chiefly because there are some conditions and stipulations attached to spending it.

"The only solution I can see," one American remarked, "is for us to come in here and do a rehabilitation job ourselves. We'd have to do it in spite of the active hostility and opposition of the Persians."

Politically, this will be quite a trick. Physically, it shouldn't be difficult at all. Even flying in at ten thousand feet you can see how easy it would be to multiply the wealth, health and happiness of Iran.

It's a spectacular flight. Between the high, bare, barren mountains lie valleys equally bare—great stretches of red sand, with the beds of dried-up rivers running through them like the veins of a dead leaf. But every few miles you see a patch of brilliant green. These are the irrigated farms.

All that country needs is water—and the water is there, underground. The hills have snow on them as late as June; even in dirty dusty Teheran itself, you can look up any northbound street and see the white snow of the foothills just a few miles out of town. Irrigation projects would be fairly cheap (if honestly run) and instantly productive.

Public health operations could be just as rewarding. I mentioned the single year's campaign that cut malaria

incidence in the Caspian area. A clean water supply would bring the same kind of sensational reduction in the endemic bowel diseases. If ordinary personal cleanliness were made possible, you'd see fewer little children left bald by ringworm.

The difficulty is to get it done. Communists are not as well equipped for doing the work as we are—you need no more than a glimpse of any Iron Curtain country to know that. But international Communism has at least a technique for interfering in other countries' affairs. Democracy has none, and in ordinary circumstances we're proud of that fact. In Iran things are not ordinary. We must interfere, somehow, or risk a serious defeat.

Russians Weren't Friendly

On the other hand we have one political ally in Iran, and that is Soviet Russia. The Red Army occupied the northern half of the country during the war; Iranians got to know what Russian occupation and Russian "friendship" can be like. The result is that even the Communists in Iran talk very little about the Soviet Union. They give the impression of turning to Russia not for love of Russia, but for lack of anywhere else to turn.

I had dinner one evening with a couple of Iranian Communists, and one of them said: "Why is it that the United States, which never interfered in our country before, now interferes on behalf of this bankrupt and rotten regime? They give tanks and guns to Hussein Ala's government (which immediately preceded the National Front); why?"

I said, "I suppose the Americans felt they had no alternative, except a party they regard as a puppet of the enemy."

The little man leaned forward and tapped the table with a stubby finger; he was very serious.

"Meester Fraser, that is our situation exactly," he said. "That is why we are Communists—we have no alternative."

If the Western powers can give him one, we needn't fear Russia in Iran. If not, we might well lose the country without firing a shot. ★

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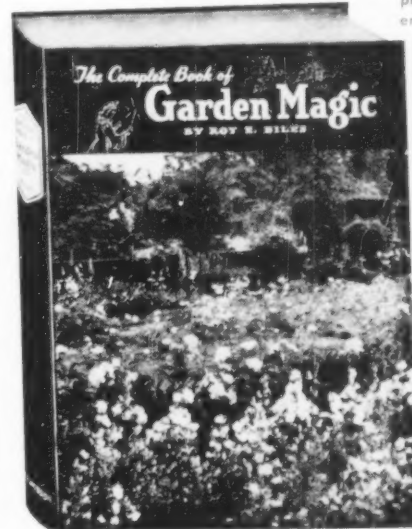
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Every little guy knows this law by heart. You learn it when you get to be about 4. There's a smiling clerk at a candy counter. There's a little guy. His nose is pressed against glass. His eyes are eager, shining... slowly choosing. Suddenly, his chubby little hand points... To see it work does something warm and good to you deep down inside. It is the *law of the little hand*.

Now this is a law, so simple they don't talk much about it. They never wrote it in the Constitution. Too unimportant—*perhaps*. You see, it's only the right to buy whatever brand name you want. To choose the best for the money. At first you choose among candy bars... comic books... or bubble gums. When you get older, it's brands of soup and soap... hair tonics and hand lotions... washing machines and motor cars. Eventually you learn that *brand names* bring you the better and better products. You can trust them. They are guaranteed good. By the *law of the little hand*.

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This Is the Enemy

Continued from page 15

toilet articles—a short straight razor with which he occasionally dry-shaved his chin, and a small toothbrush—and pay his Communist Party fees. There was hardly enough left over for tobacco. Chong rolled his own cigarettes, sometimes from cut tobacco, sometimes from dried leaves and only occasionally smoked Red Star tailor-mades.

The American-issue clothing which he wore in Chiang's army was taken from him when he joined the Communist forces. He got the familiar cotton-padded uniform, which he exchanged each summer for a lighter, cooler one, a fur hat, greatcoat, two suits of underwear, one pair of cotton socks, a pair of rubber-soled shoes with canvas tops, three meters of thread, two needles, a haversack, a blanket and a water-resistant cloak. By Canadian standards this is sparse issue—our soldiers draw close to eighty-five pieces of equipment in Korea. But it is a long step from the days in the 1930's when bandit generals recruited their men by pulling them off the streets, tagging them with name and unit and letting them forage for the rest. Some Chinese in Korea, incidentally, have been captured wearing their old Nationalist uniforms under their new issue.

Slung over his back Chong carried his mess kit: a canteen, a metal bowl with a lid and a pair of aluminum chopsticks. He was used to a rice diet in China—about one and one third pounds a day—but in Korea the fare was more often maize, potatoes and a thin cabbage soup. Meat was a rarity and it was a treat when the troops got a piece of salt pork on Chinese New Year. Chong was used to eating his food cold, because it had to be cooked at night so that telltale smoke wouldn't attract Allied planes. Occasionally he or his platoon came upon discarded American C-rations—cans of beans and wieners, chicken and vegetables, beef stew and ham and lima. These they usually threw away, retaining only the tinned pineapple of which they were very fond.

In action Chong carried a cotton bandolier containing three days' ration of rice, or usually millet. This he ate when he had the opportunity. But

Answers To

HIDE AND SEEK—No. 3

(See page 46)

1. Walter Pidgeon; 2. Jean Simmons; 3. Lana Turner; 4. Dick Powell; 5. James Stewart; 6. Joan Crawford; 7. Rosalind Russell; 8. Laurence Olivier; 9. Trevor Howard; 10. Margaret Lockwood.

most Chinese are apt to husband this ration carefully. Indeed, one was captured, starving, with a full bandolier of rice. He had not eaten for three days and said he hadn't intended breaking out his ration until he was really hungry—in about another week.

Chong and his fellows fought with a hodgepodge of weapons. Chong himself had an American carbine. Others carried rifles of Spanish-American War vintage and Czech weapons designed in 1891, as well as Russian, British and French weapons. Some had no weapons at all.

In their training almost as much time was spent on political lectures as upon weapons. The syllabus included one to two hours of political talks each day. Chong was told by his political officer that American troops were strafing civilians, raping women and running down people in the streets with trucks. He was told that China had entered the Korean war because the Americans were following the pattern set by Japan in the Far East: to conquer China by first invading Korea and then Manchuria. The United Nations was never mentioned in these lectures. The reference to troops in Korea was always to the U.S.

When UN leaflets were dropped over the lines urging Chinese troops to surrender and get good treatment, Chong was told that if he were captured he would first be beaten and questioned and then dismembered alive. Chong, who had seen a good deal of the Americans during World War Two in China, did not believe any of this. When surrender became inevitable he did not resist but asked his captors if he might serve with Chiang Kai-shek's forces in Formosa. Thus far the request has been denied.

It's estimated that about fifty



percent of the Chinese Communist forces is made up of ex-Nationalists like Chong. It's possible, but not certain, that Mao Tse-Tung has put a preponderance of these "soft troops" into the line in Korea to test their loyalty or to weed out by casualties those he is still unsure of. Nationalist officers, stripped of their rank on capture, have been told they may regain it if they prove themselves in Korea.

Only about ten percent of the private soldiers in Mao's army are figured to be out - and - out doctrinaire Communists. Among the officers, of course, the percentage is higher. It's a good guess that 35 percent of platoon commanders are solidly Red, along with 55 to 60 percent of company commanders, close to 90 percent of battalion commanders and 100 percent of all ranks above battalion level.

One of the most ardent Communists was an assistant battalion commander from Kiangsi province named Li. In our army he'd be a major. Li joined the Communist forces as a private when he was eighteen and rose to field rank over a ten-year period.

He joined up partly because he wanted a military career and partly because he believed that only Communism could solve China's agrarian muddle. He had had four and a half years' primary-school education, which is a lot for a Chinese, and he was sickened by the tenant farmer's plight, which saw millions of wretched people mortgaged for life to rich city merchants. This, plus the corruption of the bandit generals and of the Kuomintang, convinced him that Communism was the answer.

In the army he was quickly caught up in the careful political web which the Party has spun through its army, from section to division. Each bat-

talion has its battalion commissar who is as powerful as the battalion commander and must countersign each written order. In addition there is a battalion political officer who deals with propaganda and indoctrination, and a cultural instructor who resembles, in some respects, our Special Service officers; he is responsible for morale. At present the Communist Party in China has a three-year plan to wipe out illiteracy among its troops, and this comes within the cultural instructor's realm.

Within each platoon there were a number of strong loyal Communists such as Li whose duty it was to check on recalcitrant soldiers. Platoons in the Chinese army are broken into twelve man sections and each section is divided into three-man squads. In each of these squads every two men are held responsible for every third man. Thus every man is watching everybody else. If one man escapes the other two are punished. A man dare not make a pact with the other two members of his squad to escape in a group—for one of the others may be a fervent Communist, as Li was. Desertion in the face of the enemy is punishable by death and men are usually shot on the spot for it, often by soldiers especially assigned to keep an eye out for escapees.

Good Party member Li rose quickly in the ranks. He became a section leader, which corresponds to our corporal, and then a platoon leader, which corresponds to our lieutenant. The Chinese use no rank names other than "leader" and there is little to distinguish an officer from an enlisted man. NCOs wear no distinguishing rank at all and officers wear only a thin red stripe on sleeve and trouser cuffs. It is impossible, therefore, to tell a platoon leader from a divisional leader.



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Suggested Luncheon Menu

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1. Cook and dice enough potatoes to make 4 cups. Prepare 1 cup diced celery, 2 tablespoons of chopped pimento, 2 tablespoons of chopped onion, and 4 tablespoons of chopped pickle. Measure out 2 tablespoons of the pickle juice to add when mixing the salad.



2. Blend in the pickle, salt and pepper to taste, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of Miracle Whip. Deluxe potato salad demands deluxe dressing, the lively yet delicate flavor Miracle Whip gives you. No other salad dressing in the world has this unique flavor, and the recipe's a secret.



3. Arrange lettuce on a round chop plate, heap the potato salad in a mound in the center, and garnish with devilled egg halves. Roll slices of bologna into cone-shapes, fill with chopped pickle relish, and arrange on the lettuce around the mound of salad.

Few Chinese soldiers know the names even of their immediate officers.

As a good officer and a good Communist Li had several privileges. He was kept in the Big Picture by the party and specially briefed. Other troops were told nothing—especially the former Nationalists. He ate at a separate mess in the rear areas. He was paid one dollar a month and issued with two pencils and twenty pieces of paper. In China he had one or two weeks' leave a year. Li wasn't married, but married officers were allowed to bring their wives to live with them at the barracks.

Then last June something happened to Li. A message reached him from a friend that his father, a merchant in Kiangsi, and his mother had been executed by the Communists. He found this difficult to believe but applied for leave to go home and find out. His leave was refused, so he promptly went Absent Without Leave. Because of the scarcity of passes MPs are accustomed to turn a blind eye to AWLs, especially as it is almost certain the man will be recaptured. If he goes home he will be instantly spotted by his local block leader. It is difficult for him to go elsewhere in China, which is a clannish country where itinerants are almost unknown and strangers are shunned as an enemy.

To his horror Li found that the stories about his family were more than true. For the sin of capitalism his father had been dragged around the village behind a horse to his death. His mother had been hung by her hair from a tree and beaten to death. His older brother had been shot. Li underwent a political about-face.

He was recaptured and sent back to his unit under guard. By this time his battalion had been sent to Korea and Li joined it there. He was stripped of his rank as assistant battalion commander and reduced to assistant platoon leader, or sergeant. He was then subjected to the harshest penalty, next to execution, in the Chinese army. By Western standards it seems quite mild.

He was made to stand in a circle of his comrades who threw abuse and criticism at him, spitting on him and calling him a traitor and a slacker. To an Oriental the loss of face involved in this is almost unbearable and the Chinese have found it a very effective disciplinary measure.

To Li, in his numbed condition, it meant little. Three days later, a tall proud figure in cloak and fatigue cap, he deserted to the Americans along with three friends. He's now in a prisoner-of-war camp somewhere in Korea.

Private Wu's story is markedly different, though it is just as tragic as Li's. Wu is dead. This is a reconstruction of his life. He owned a postage stamp-sized rice paddy which he farmed with his neighbors outside his native village. Originally he paid exorbitant rent to a townsman for the right to work the land but the Communist regime had changed that. Now Wu nominally owned the land, though the taxes seemed to come to as much as the rent.

After the young able-bodied men without dependents or responsibilities had been conscripted into the army, married men such as Wu were taken. For some time, in common with the other men in the village, Wu had been doing simple drill in the reserve army when time permitted, usually at the behest of the mayor. He was selected for the county army—a fulltime occupation—by his block leader, who with other block leaders had been asked to supply a quota of three men. The block leader assured Wu that his farm and family would be looked after by

the other people in the block. Wu never discovered if this was so because he neither wrote nor received letters.

In the county army Wu got his first uniform. It was warmer and of finer cloth than the regular army issue he later received. He did a lot of marching to drums—a propaganda point which, along with the fine uniform, was meant to instill enthusiasm for the military in traditionally non-military China.

After three months in the county army he was transferred to the district army where his training began in earnest. He was issued with a weapon, given close-order drill and basic training and received his first pay. In another three months he was ready for one of the independent infantry divisions from which the regular Chinese army draws its reinforcements. Before the year was out Wu was a regular soldier in Manchuria.

The Marches Were Killing

After some time in barracks Wu and his battalion were moved a long distance by train. The troops were jammed onto the train until it was almost impossible to breathe. There were no seats and everybody stood packed together. Another thirty percent rode on the outside of the car, clinging to whatever was handy. They stayed in this cramped position for eight-hour stretches.

Only after he got off the train and had been marching for some distance did Wu come to know that he was in Korea, for no one told him this. Later, after he got into action and saw the bodies, he was surprised to find that he was fighting American soldiers. This he had not been told either.

In Korea he marched ceaselessly, usually during the night, digging in by

day and shivering under his one blanket in his wet foxhole. Nobody rides in the Chinese army and only ammunition and casualties are carried by truck or ox cart. Wu and his friends continually griped about the killing marches. Later, as the UN artillery and air power began to make inroads against the Chinese, they had more to worry about.

It has been said that there are really two wars going on in Korea. One is the war being fought on the UN side of the line. Here, last April, troops were moving by daylight in convoys jammed bumper to bumper along the roads. They were living in tents and huts that blazed with light. Nobody worried about the tell-tale tracks left in the mud by thousands of vehicles which can serve as markers for enemy aircraft, and when a plane went by nobody began to look up to see whose it was. Camouflage was practically unknown.

But on Wu's side of the line the situation was reversed. Air strikes and artillery kept up an incessant pounding of Communist emplacements. Not a light showed. Troops moved by night and trucks and carts kept a careful distance from each other. The Chinese camouflaged everything with care and ingenuity. Wu often wore white sheet-like coverings to blend with the snow. When enemy planes appeared mule drivers would throw white sheets over the mules, then crouch underneath the nothings of the beast, holding it by the tail to keep it perfectly still. Artillery men actually transplanted whole corpses of pines to shield their guns from the air. Wu himself lived in a trench covered with logs and earth in which grass had been planted. It was almost impossible to spot from the air or from the opposing hills.

One Chinese prisoner made a wry comment on all this when he was asked if he could tell the difference between Communism and democracy. He said: "Under Communism you march all day and dig foxholes all night. Under democracy you ride in a jeep and never dig at all."

As the tide of battle turned and the Communist advance was halted and UN took the offensive, Wu's political officer continued to harp on what would happen if Chinese were captured by Americans: Their fingers and noses, ears and feet would be hacked off. Most of the ideological barrage fired at him by his superiors had gone right over Wu's head. Communism could not hit him with any impact because his knowledge of history was negligible and his own village had been practicing a primitive form of Communism—through communal farms—for a long time anyway. But he could understand people's ears and other members being cut off and he determined not to be captured.

He was stationed in the village of Pan-wol-chang, a tight huddle of mud-and-straw huts north of the large South Korean town of Suwon, when the American advance gathered impetus. Wu and some others were left to hold the village. His officer told him that he was going back for a conference. Wu's orders were to stand his ground for thirty days and then withdraw if necessary. If he withdrew before that time he would be shot.

Wu hung on until the GIs of the 35th regiment of the 25th Division were in the streets and the tanks were closing in. He crouched with a comrade in an adobe hut that commanded a section of the narrow curving road that ran through the town. Two of the villagers reported to the U.S. platoon commander that two Chinese were hidden in the house.

The platoon commander called to his interpreter who shouted in Chinese that Wu's position was hopeless and that he would get good treatment if he surrendered. Wu took a grip on his captured British Enfield rifle and said nothing. The interpreter repeated his offer in Japanese and Korean. Wu replied with a shot. The platoon deployed and several soldiers moved around to encircle the house. Wu, who had a good field of fire, opened up on them, nicking a Reuter's war correspondent in the index finger.

The battle against Wu and his friend raged for twenty minutes. A tank fired six six-pound explosive shells into the house at point-blank range. An anti-tank gun fired five five-pound shells from a hundred yards. Three hundred and fifty rounds of small-arms fire and two hundred rounds of .50-calibre machine-gun incendiary, explosive and ball poured into the house. When it was over the house was ablaze. Wu's comrade was dead, but Wu was still alive and defiant. Again the call came to surrender. With the house falling about him in blazing sections, Wu made a run for a hill. He got halfway up the slope when a wave of bullets hit him. As he went down the GIs noticed that his right hand was missing at the wrist.

He lay there for about sixty seconds, then slowly raised himself to his elbow and with his remaining hand tried to get his rifle to his shoulder. Another volley of shots hit him and he fell back across the grooves of the paddy field, the dead stalks of last year's harvest pricking at his torn clothing.

The troops waited cautiously for a few moments, but there was no further sign of life from the ex-farmer in the rice paddy.

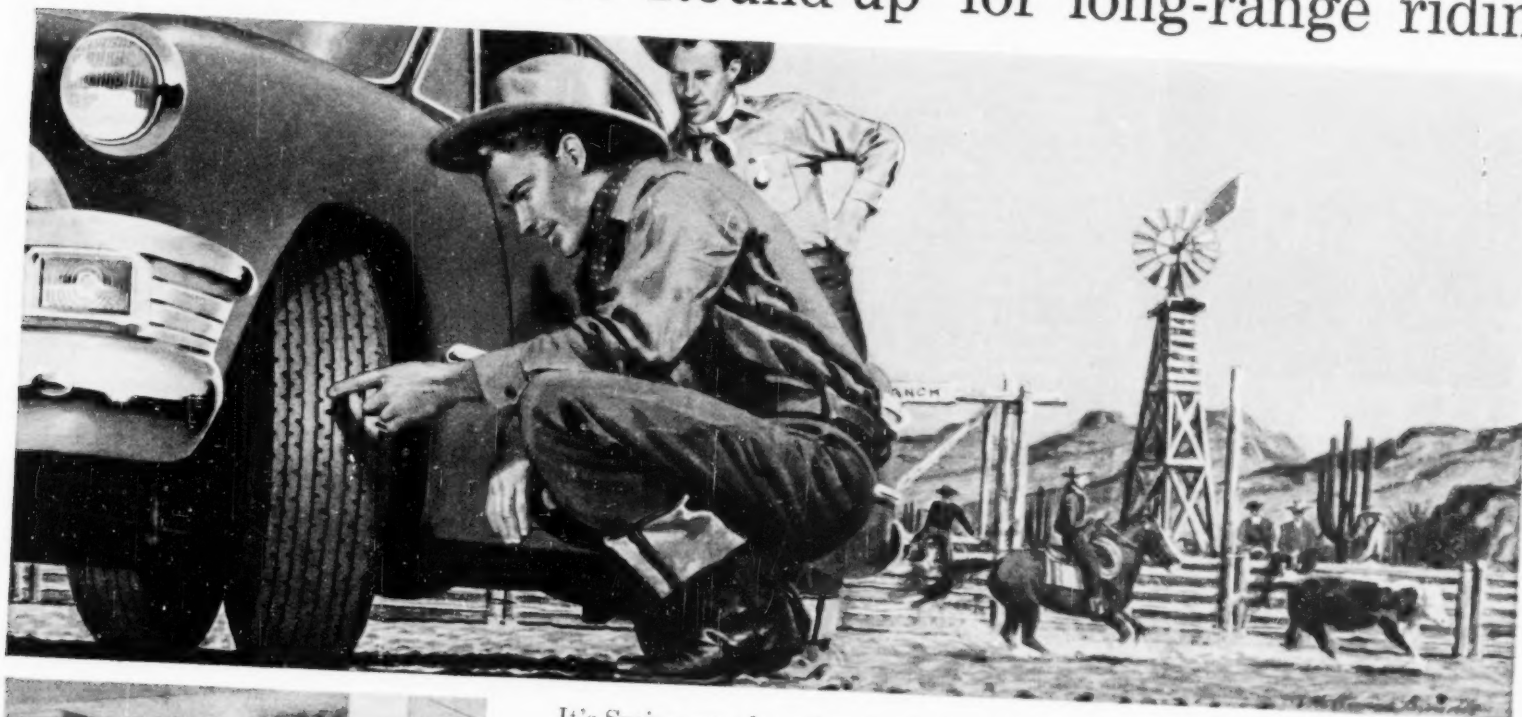
The battle was over and the enemy was dead. ★

SHORT CUTS TO INSANITY

By Peter Whalley



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, JULY 1, 1951

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Backstage in Yugoslavia

Continued from page 5

in fact like Yugoslavs, and by Yugoslav law they are.

These are the so-called "dual nationals"—naturalized Canadians of Yugoslav birth, or their children born in Canada, who joined the Communist "Back to Yugoslavia" movement in the spring and summer of 1947.

Some of them hadn't been here six months before they were trying to get back to Canada. For two and a half years hardly any succeeded; a few were let out at the very beginning, people who changed their minds in the first few weeks, but after that the Yugoslav Government refused to issue the Yugoslav passports without which these "dual nationals" cannot leave the country. Canada could do nothing for them (as they had been repeatedly warned before coming here). They were prisoners, all twelve hundred of them (the whole party numbered two thousand, but eight hundred were still Yugoslav citizens, had never been nationalized).

Last fall the Tito Government began trying to win friends and influence people in the West. The passport department loosened up a little. About two hundred have actually returned to Canada by now; five hundred more are trying to get passports.

The Yugoslav Government doesn't always give the passport to the man Canada would most like to have; indeed, some of whom the legation had never heard got their permits with significant ease. In some of these cases Canada in her turn has used delaying tactics to keep them away a while longer. They'll have to be admitted in the end, as they're Canadian citizens and not immigrants, but they are getting anything but preferred treatment. Of those Yugoslavia is still holding, on the other hand, there isn't one to whom Canada has any objection. Many of them were never Communists in the first place, just patriotic dupes. Others admit they were red-hot Communists in 1947, but they're thoroughly cured now.

Canadian officials incline to think that the best missionary for the Canadian way of life is an ex-Communist who has spent a few years in a Communist country.

Canada might bear in mind, though, that not all of the 1947 group are trying to return. Some like it better here. I spent an evening with two of these and their stories were interesting.

Both are Communists, of course, which means you have to take anything they say with a good deal of salt. Hamilton Armstrong in his book *Tito and Goliath* remarks that all you learn, talking to the average Communist, is "what he thinks he ought to make you think he is thinking." Maybe that's all I got from these two, I'm not sure.

One was working for the Yugoslav Information Service, a slick glib little man who wasn't very convincing. The other was a different sort—I was inclined to believe what he said, or most of it.

In Canada he had been a laborer. He'd worked in the bush of northwestern Ontario, in the hard-rock mines of Noranda and Timmins and Sudbury, in various plants around Toronto and Welland and Windsor. Now, in Yugoslavia, he's a mill superintendent in a plant making cement blocks.

He admits, though, that as far as living standards are concerned he was far better off in Canada as a laborer.

NEXT ISSUE:

LUNENBURG

by CHARLES RAWLINGS
WITH DRAWINGS BY
FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE

I gathered, though he didn't say so, that his wife wishes they'd never come back to a land where the washing machine and the vacuum cleaner are unknown and where you have to line up to buy bread. But he himself is not sorry; he's happier here.

"I came over to help this country," he said, "and I think I am helping. In Canada I learned to do some things that need doing here. We are getting ahead."

"It is very slow work. Sometimes I get so exasperated I feel like quitting, but then I tell myself 'It's because you don't understand your own people.' Imagine, we're dealing with people sometimes who never slept in a bed before, people from down on the Albanian border who don't even know how to wash their own faces, and we have to teach them how to use modern machines."

He went on about this for some time. It was amusing to hear this Communist, who ten years ago must have been a rabid agitator in Canadian labor unions, talking like any other employer—he might have been a member in good standing of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

After a while he began to talk about Canada. "I had some good times there, but some hard times too. I remember a winter in the bush northeast of Port Arthur, cutting cordwood; we nearly froze, but we couldn't quit because we couldn't find our way out. In the spring the contractor wouldn't pay us—he owed me about eight hundred dollars by the terms we'd agreed on in the fall, but he offered me fifty."

Some of us tried to get a lawyer in Port Arthur but we couldn't speak English, couldn't explain our case, and we never did get anywhere.

"Then I remember working in Noranda in 1934. We had a strike. The working conditions were very bad where I worked. We had no changing rooms and we used to come up with our clothes soaking wet and have them freeze stiff as boards before we got home. Gave you rheumatism. Anyway we went on strike and eighteen of us were arrested for disturbing the peace, they said. Actually I was home asleep when the fight took place but, never mind, I was arrested. The prosecutor told the jury we were foreigners trying to smash Canada, destroy everything. We were all found guilty, sentenced to two years in St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary."

Were they Communists then?

"Not then; I joined later, but not then. The union was Communist, but we didn't even know that at the time. We struck because working conditions were bad."

"I must say we were very well treated in prison. The warden was a very kind man; he helped us all he could and we got out six months before our sentence was up."

He went on talking without rancor of the times he'd had in other mines, other plants. Both men had told me they could stay only an hour, they had other appointments at 7 o'clock. But neither of them had tasted Canadian whisky for more than four years; it was 9 o'clock when they got up to go.

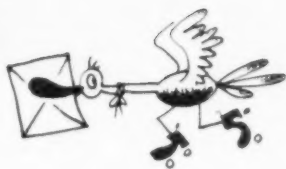
"Give my regards to Yonge Street," the big man said rather wistfully. I didn't see either of them again. ★



"Bill, will you drive Mr. and Mrs. Blodgett home?"

MACLEAN'S

MAILBAG



Should Wives Stay Home and Work?

No one can seriously doubt that a mother's place is in the home when she has small children and yet your article (Why Wives Go Out To Work, May 15) states that many of them are out working all day, every day. I have to manage a large house and three small children on a rural minister's salary and know that present prices make wages of many quite inadequate.

Suppose, instead of the wife working and paying board for her children away from home, the husband were to work an additional ten hours at his superior male rate of pay... would this amount not be almost equal to that which can be termed pure gain from the wife's wages?

Is this not a chance for employers to offer an opportunity to male employees to increase their take-home pay by voluntarily working regular overtime? From the disputes which arise over union demands for shorter working hours it would appear that employers ought to be willing and anxious to offer such opportunities; and surely as a nation we would be better off with the men working longer hours but coming home to a wife who wasn't exhausted and who had her home and children in order, who had the time to stretch her dollars as carefully as possible. —Mrs. G. E. Ball, Niagara, Ont.

● There was one angle writer Sidney Katz ignored—I suppose it actually did not come within the scope of his subject. Granting that married women have to take a job to make ends meet and that newly married girls have to keep on working to get a home, etcetera, what about each year's crop of girls graduating from school and also needing jobs? Once upon a time when a girl got married it created a vacancy—nowadays it does nothing of the sort. I would very much like to see an article dealing with this matter, if possible. —Marion E. Nicholson, Sardis, B.C.

● I am 63, born in Scotland of working-class parents. They were married in 1877 and I was born in 1888, eleven years and one month after, and was the eighth child. Three girls and a boy were born after.

How soon after marriage my mother worked out I don't know, but it was several years before I was born. At first mother worked in the mill... but by my time she was doing washing and scrubbing. This enabled her to get the children ready for school, and breakfast for those who started work at six then came home to eat at 8.30.

By the help of a good friend we came to Canada in 1903. Some of us worked in a cotton mill in Hamilton, starting at 6.30 in the morning. Mother had to get up and make breakfast and make lunches by 6 a.m. She also took in boarders.

There was one problem that didn't have to be solved. There were no cars, no movies, no radio. We had to make our own pleasures, which, as far as I can think back, was no harder on us than the present mad rush. In the long winter evenings we were not al-

lowed to run the streets. Father couldn't read but Mother could, so she read, and we read. Then she would sing to us, and we all joined in. Then there were rugs to make. Time never seemed to be a problem.

Modern life has some compensations, at least some things are interesting, but as far as living is concerned we could stand some of the old ways. —John A. Henderson, Melissa, Ont.

Where on Earth is Fundy?

Referring to your article, The Pill That Rules The Waves (April 15), I note that Dr. Claude Fortin frequently traveled back and forth between St.



John's and Halifax and was affected by the turbulent waters of the Bay of Fundy. If you will look at a map of eastern Canada, you will naturally wonder what the good doctor was doing in the Bay of Fundy while on his way from Halifax to St. John's or vice versa.

Your magazine is widely read in the maritime provinces and I can well imagine that you will receive many letters similar to this one. —H. G. Ellis, Rothesay, N.B.

We got off lightly. Only twelve letters so far.

Manitoba, State of Moncton

Your discussion of CBC broadcasts (Backstage at Ottawa, May 1)... has made me wonder if the CBC could not profitably conduct an education programme aimed at the U. S. in addition to Latin America. Some such campaign is certainly overdue. For example, when asked by Americans where I am from, I reply "Ottawa, Canada," which usually results in a most perplexed expression. Perhaps one in five recognizes it as the capital city, but not that many would know if asked to name the capital themselves. Even telephone and telegraph employees have asked me if Ottawa is in British Columbia or Alberta, which, incidentally, they are more likely to call states or districts than provinces. —Ian Halliday, Berkeley, Calif.

The Case for Conscription

May I congratulate you on the clear manner in which you stated the case for and against conscription (March 15). I would like, however, to call attention to one reference in your article. You have stated that "no group in Canada, not even the Legion, has suggested full-scale conscription over a period of years."

The Canadian Corps Association, representing a large number of veterans in Canada, has consistently advocated conscription in Canada on a form which I think conforms to the requirements of the above quotation. The policy



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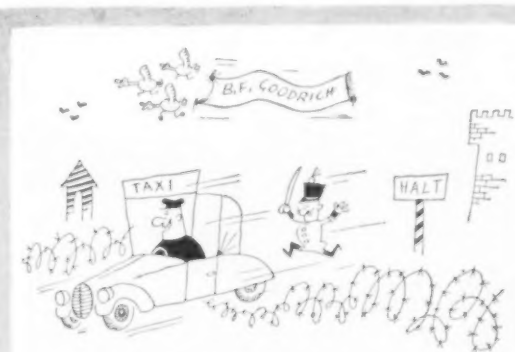
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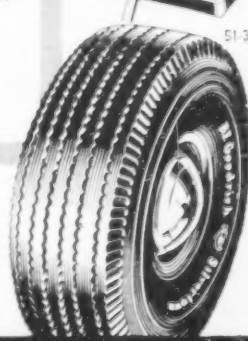


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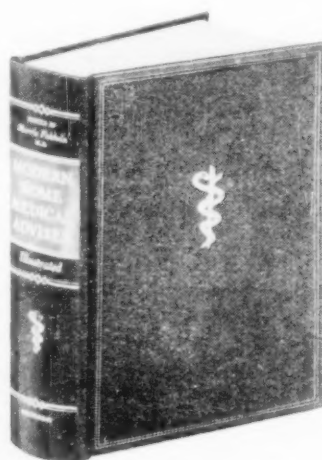
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of conscription has been approved by resolutions of the Quebec and Ontario provincial commands and by the dominion annual meeting.—J. A. McCamus, Dominion President, Canadian Corps Association, Toronto.

● If conscription is ever put into effect it should be applied to everything. Nobody has mentioned the conscription of wealth as well as manpower. It seems to me grossly unfair for men to be losing their lives in war while big business is making huge profits through the manufacture of war materials.—Percy A. Baker, Red Deer Hill, Alta.

The Search for Peace

Please accept my congratulations on Fred Bodsworth's article, *The Fight to Keep the Wilderness Wild* (May 15). The search for quiet and privacy is becoming harder all the time, thanks to the ever-growing tourist trade and ease in transportation. I hope that articles like his will bear fruit and that more such parks will be made available and permanent before it is too late.—W. E. A., Toronto.

● I have read and enjoyed the article on Quetico and hope you receive many more letters similar to this, which, being placed in proper hands, will help to obtain the permanent reservation you mention hoping for, and the exclusion of highways and dance halls throughout this unique wilderness.—"Luck" Tikton, Manitowaning, Ont.

● By all means fair and foul let us at least keep one small patch of our wonderful country clean from honky tonks, jazz bands and juke boxes . . . What better recreation could our young people be taking than this wilderness training? This is the kind of stuff that stays with a man all his life.—Geo. Robertshaw, Kilworth, Ont.

From the Wheat Belt

Re your May 1 editorial, *Who'll Join Our Anti-Lobby Lobby?*—You use the sixty-five million dollars the Canadian farmers may get as an example of lopsided democracy. I have taken this paper for thirty years, but if you continue to employ an ignorant, block-headed, thick-skulled, rattle-brained editor I shall be forced to organize a citizen's league to promote a paper which will run Maclean's out of business.—C. R. Dick, Ponoka, Alta.

● I am not in favor of lobbies, farm or otherwise. I particularly fear farm lobbies, because I know just how ugly they can be. But some of the responsibility for this lobby must rest with the Press of this country.

I conceive it to be the duty of respectable journals to expose and brand injustice wherever it be found. That there is injustice in some farm lobbies I am too well aware . . . But the public has been educated to think of the farmer as the doormat of the economic tower of thought and the farmers will no longer tolerate this. Part of the responsibility must lie with our Press which has neglected, or even worse, ignored, its duty to place all the facts before the public.—George S. Colvin, Regina Beach, Sask.

● No sir! You don't want to underestimate the country cousin. He may look and act dumb, but he's a whole lot smarter than you think. In short, Mr. Editor, the Western farmers have just begun to fight!—M. Beryl Keefe, Griffin, Sask.

● Listen, chum, you are full of prunes.—A. F. Pollex, Kelwood, Man.

Nice and Comforting?

Re *Backstage at Ottawa* (April 1)—I quote: "Gallup Poll officials, on the strength of their surveys in recent months, say Canadians are much more aware of danger than they may appear." Isn't that nice and comforting!

Where did George Gallup and his sheet writers get such an optimistic outlook? Remember the Truman election forecasts? I have traveled more miles in Canada in the last three months than all the pollsters of Mr. Gallup and I disagree one hundred per cent with their findings in this country.—James E. Branch, Moose Jaw, Sask.

Amazing, Wonderful Piffle

I'm a newcomer to your amazing magazine. And I must tell you how much I enjoyed your March 15 issue. Especially the article, *Regina's Always*



Starting Something . . . Thank you for your wonderful story.—Mrs. G. Woods, Jr., Niagara Falls, Ont.

● Your last issue was definitely the poorest in over a decade. If it entered in a competition for piffle it would definitely receive first-class honors.—C. E. Petch, Hemmingford, Que.

● We like the fine articles in Maclean's but have not been pleased with the slang and profanity which have appeared in so many recent fiction offerings.—Mrs. A. F. Nixon, Kindersley, Sask.

Re Reds at Trail

Congratulations. I have followed the battle between the two unions and wish to state your article (April 1) is to the point. It is hoped that something will be done to prevent a Communist-dominated union from injuring our Canadian security in the event of war.—Rev. Father Ulric Ell, O.F.M., Trail, B.C.

● So Maclean's too has lost its Canadian common sense and has fallen for American hysteria! Just what do you want your readers to do about this? Have the RCMP and FBI kicked out and let Master Sleuth Berton take over instead?—G. Bartlemy, Castlegar, B.C.

● Maclean's could give its readers a real story by describing what it took to organize Trail in the first place, who paid the shot and where, then, were the men who are now so anxious to take over what someone else built.—Walter Wiggins, Regina.

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WIT AND WISDOM



Party Line—Candidate: A man who stands for what he thinks the people will fall for. — *Kitchener Waterloo Record*.

Sound Reasoning—The scientific word is that silence can be heard. Trouble is that nowadays we never get a chance to listen to it. — *Toronto Star*.

Inflation—Instead of not having the money you haven't got, you have twice as much, but it's worth only half of what you haven't got. — *Toronto Telegram*.

Alas, Poor Albert!—All children should be taken to a zoo, says a psychologist. And there are persons unkind enough to suggest that some of them should be left there. — *Victoria Colonist*.

Wreck Room—Accidents in the home still head the list and a cynical acquaintance suggests this may be because many people are not at home long enough to find their way around. — *Hamilton Spectator*.

Only one Right Angle—There are two sides to every question and scarcely any limit to the number of angles. — *Sudbury Star*.

And His Name was Joey—The young visitor to the zoo stared at the sign on the kangaroo cage in stunned silence; the sign read, simply: "Native of Australia." Finally she turned away from the cage and shrieked. "Great Heavens! Me sister married one of them things." — *Kemptville Advance*.

Wistful Thinking—Two commuters were discussing the merits of television. One in a firm and decisive tone remarked that the new medium was a "time waster and in the experimental stage." The other, after a long thoughtful pause, halted the discussion with, "I haven't got a set, either." — *Cranbrook (B.C.) Courier*.

Not so Dumb—One day a reporter was sent to interview a man who was supposed to be a supermarksman. All over the place, on trees, fences and walls, were targets with holes in the dead centre. The reporter was astonished when the dead-shot turned out to be the village half-wit.

"You certainly are a wonderful shot," the reporter said, admiringly. "How do you do it?"

"Nothin' to it! I just shoot first and then draw the circle." — *Vancouver Province*.

JASPER

By Simpkins



"He gets a stick of peppermint at the top."



Blazing Hot Sun
Sears your scalp - Scorches your hair

But Feel
the difference in your
Scalp

50 seconds to massage! Feel the soothing pick-up . . . even when sun, wind and water make parchement of your scalp. "Live-Action" Vitalis invigorates, stimulates...routs loose dandruff.



And See
the difference in your
Hair

10 seconds to comb! . . . hair looks neater, healthier, no matter how much you golf, play tennis, sail or swim. Never sticky or shiny . . . gives a "natural" look.



All Summer Long, Play Right Along
With Healthier, Handsomer Hair

"LIVE-ACTION"
VITALIS

and the
60-Second Workout

A Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada.

Entirely
NEW!

- ★ New Design!
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THEATRICAL PRODUCER



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LA PROVINCE DE Québec



IN SASKATOON six-year-old Edward was taken for a drive by his aunt. He pointed to a school, in a quick burst of confidence said: "That's where I go to school. Yesterday we had fire drill. I bet you don't know what that is." His aunt smiled and shook her head.

Edward explained that when the alarm sounded the pupils put aside their pencils and books, stood beside their seats and then marched out slowly in an orderly manner, chanting one of the school songs.

"Of course," he added, "if there's a real fire and the school is burning down we don't have to sing—just run like hell."

A young Toronto couple moved recently to a small town in New Brunswick where the wife, defiantly



at first and then tearfully, tried to master cooking with a coal stove. Finally she gave up and went to the man who had rented them their house.

"It smokes all the time and the fire just smolders," she complained about the stove. "My cakes won't bake and the food won't cook."

The landlord thought for a moment and then asked: "Do you take out the ashes regularly?"

"Ashes?" The young housewife exclaimed, her face reddening. "Why, we never thought of that. You see we've never had anything but an electric stove."

An Ontario motorist touring Nova Scotia became lost in a maze of rural roads. After trying to find his position by road map, he stopped beside a field where a farmer was busy seeding. He told the farmer he was lost and asked direction to the nearest highway.

"Where you from?" the farmer asked.

"Kingston, Ontario."

The farmer pointed down the road. "Just go straight along there for about three miles till you come to a village. Stop at the general store and ask for the postmaster and tell him what you just told me."

He paused and then said earnestly: "You're lost a whole lot worse than you think."

An Edmonton housewife, left alone at home for the first time in years when her two children went to summer camp and her husband was on a business trip, nervously bolted windows and doors at night and looked fearfully at the door whenever she heard a sound on the street. It was almost midnight on her third night alone when she heard footsteps on the walk, the creaking of the front steps and then she was horrified to see the door knob turn. She rushed to the telephone in the kitchen and dialed the police.

"This is Mrs. S—" she shrieked. "There's a burglar at my front door!"

"Address, please," the voice at the other end intoned solemnly.

Mrs. S— realized frantically that she had forgotten her own address. She dropped the receiver and was barricading the door with furniture when the police arrived (having traced the phone call) and asked her to identify the man at the door—her puzzled husband who had cut short his trip.

A station agent was commissioned to relieve other agents on the Jasper to Prince Rupert line in B. C. during the vacation period. In one small town he found the only hotel crowded, but friends told him about a family which had a rough one-room summerhouse to rent. It was neat and freshly painted and the rent was reasonable, so he decided to take it.

Before going to bed the first night he tried to raise the windows but found them nailed shut. Then he saw a small aperture at the floor



level covered with a trap door—obviously for milk delivery, he thought. He opened it for air during the night.

When he woke in the morning the rough interior, fresh paint and trap door suddenly fitted together like the pieces in a jigsaw puzzle: A dozen hens perched on the bottom rail of his bed had returned to claim their home.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



See the refrigerator that was made for once-a-week shopping!

**Frigidaire's
constant SAFE COLD
lets you
decide how often
to market**



Now you're free to stock a whole week's supply of meats and frozen foods safely in the near-zero freezing cold of Frigidaire's big Super-Freezer. It holds up to 49 pounds of food and there's still room for loads of big, crystal-hard ice cubes!



Tuck a week's supply of vegetables into Frigidaire's bin-size Hydrators and see how that moist-cold keeps them wonderfully crisp and garden-fresh. And Frigidaire, with safe cold clear to the bottom, keeps them that way until your next trip to market.



Here's head room for plenty of tall bottles, a basket drawer for eggs and dairy products. And adjustable shelves that practically stretch to welcome a week's supply of food—kept safe for days on end with constant, chilling cold.

YOU'RE THE BOSS with the new Frigidaire! Instead of being forced to market several days a week—you have a refrigerator that lets you decide how often to shop.

Once a week's plenty, in most families, because this new Frigidaire holds more food than old models, without taking any more kitchen space—thanks to the skillful arrangement of working parts.



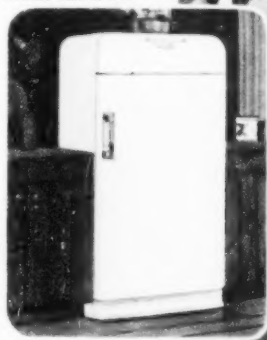
And—even more important—it gives you the different kinds of cold you need to keep all foods safe. Safe cold—top to bottom. You get this safer cold from Frigidaire's famous Meter-Miser—the simplest cold-

making mechanism ever built. And only Frigidaire has it!

Other Frigidaire advantages include Quickcube Ice Trays that pop out ice cubes without tugging or melting. Lifetime Porcelain that won't discolor, rustproof aluminum shelves, and hosts of other features that have caused more women to choose Frigidaire than any other refrigerator.

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Model DO-90

Frigidaire

Canada's No. 1 Refrigerator



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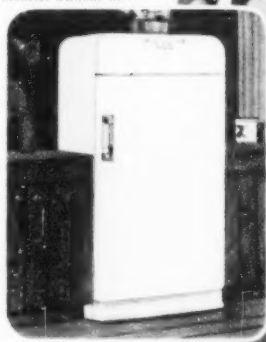


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